

The Australian

# WOMEN'S WEEKLY

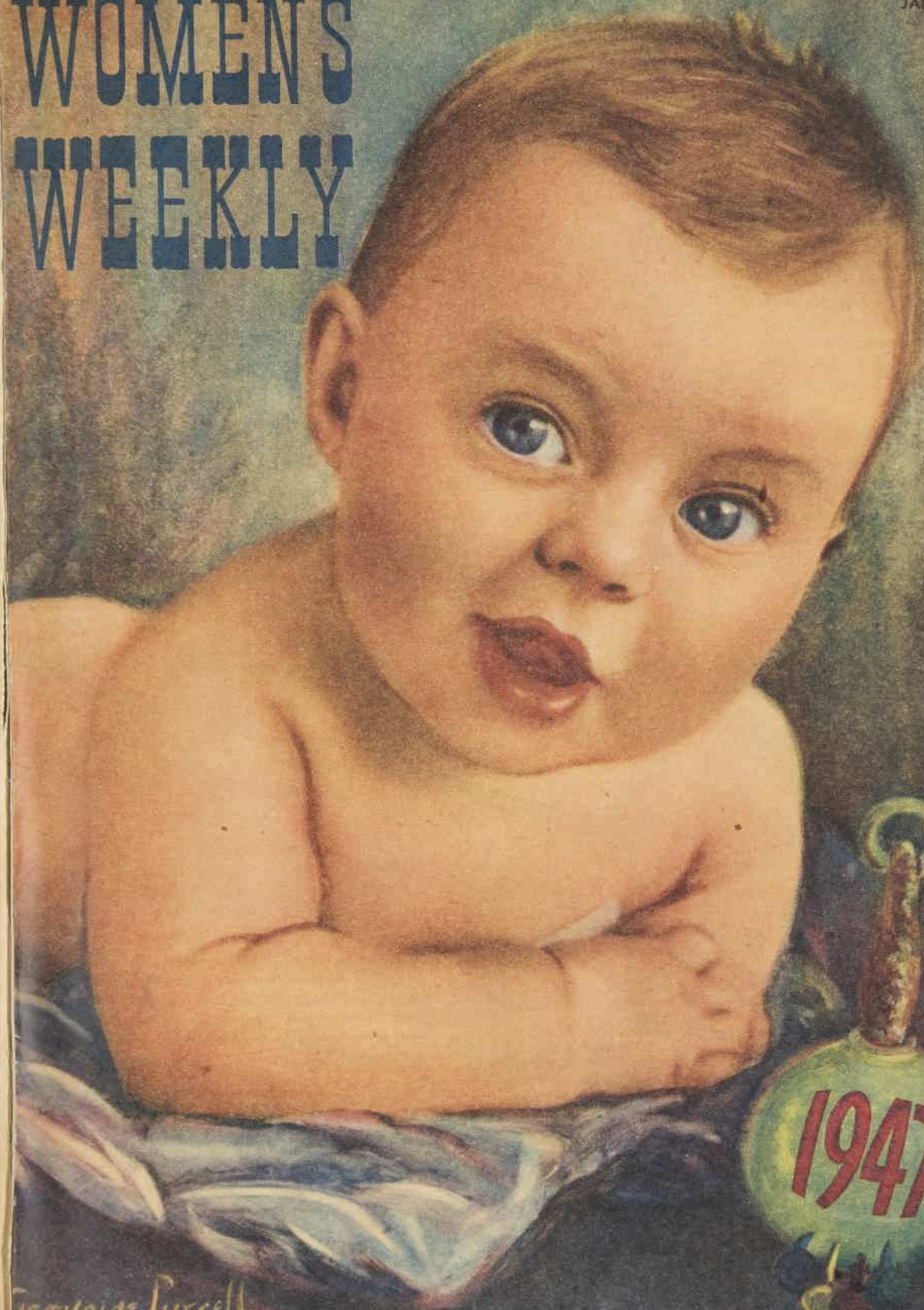
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Jervaise Purcell

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# FLOWERS FROM A STRANGER

By DOROTHEE CAROUSSO

*Beginning a compelling modern serial—the drama of a psychiatrist's young wife who is seized by a strange obsession.*

**T**HE alarm clock had been designed to ring with a discreet buzz. After five years, however, of buzzing at precisely six-fifty a.m., it had developed something a good deal less pleasing than a discreet buzz.

Lorna reached out now and switched off the unearthly sound.

Six-fifty. She opened her eyes to see how Tim was reacting.

He was not. He lay in the other bed with his back to her, his wide shoulders blocking any view of his face. If he was awake he would not let her know it. He would get up at seven, not a minute before. And, surprisingly, not a minute after.

That was a very nice thing about Tim. No matter how trying a day had been, no matter how late he had worked on the heavy volumes that lined the study downstairs, he always got out of bed without argument at seven.

Lorna closed the bedroom window and pulled the curtains to let in the early sunlight. Then she went out to the bathroom to wash her face and comb her hair before she awakened Tim.

When she came back she saw by the flicker of his eyelids that he was awake.

"Hello, fraud," she said softly. "It's seven o'clock."

"It is not," he said without opening his eyes. "It's two minutes to seven."

Lorna glanced at the clock and laughed.

"How did you know?"

"I'm a neuropsychiatrist. My ear is attuned to detect deception in the vocal tones. Go away."

Lorna sat down on the edge of the bed and kissed him lightly. His dark eyes were open and he was smiling.

"All right, now I'm awake," he said. "Let me get out of bed!" He sat up on the edge of the bed, rubbing

the back of his neck. "What's to-day?" he demanded.

"Tuesday. The Camerons' dinner to-night, remember. Will you come home first?"

"Why? Are they dressing?"

Lorna raised her eyebrows. "Have you forgotten? We decided to make it a stylish affair."

"Of course," Tim remembered hastily. "But I won't have time to get home. I'll change at the hospital."

They dressed in silence then, but once or twice Tim looked at his wife speculatively. When they were going down to breakfast he asked her suddenly: "Do you miss them, Lorna?"

"What?"

"Formal dinners . . . and things"

She shook her head definitely. "No, Tim," she said. "I have what I want . . . and I know it. It's a nice feeling."

They sat down together in the restful, beautiful dining-room which Lorna had designed as carefully as a stage set. It was, Tim thought gratefully, exactly the atmosphere in which every doctor should be privileged to enjoy his meals.

Lorna had a fine sensitiveness for such things. In the soft morning light the delicate eighteenth century mahogany shone with warm highlights, and the sparkle of silver and china was subdued and rich. The walls and the carpet were a soft medium blue and, although Tim had teased her about blue being a neurotic's color, he agreed with her that it set off the furniture beautifully.

He admired Lorna's taste, but he had little time to enjoy the home she had designed. His days were rushed, especially now, and his evenings usually crammed with work.

But in five years of marriage Lorna had prevailed upon him to enjoy in quiet luxury the meals at which he could be present.

*Lorna became aware of growing attention about her as she played.*

She did not even object to the morning paper at the breakfast table. It was, she told him, part of the relaxation. He picked up the paper now, glanced at the headlines, and said good-morning to Margaret, who was bringing in breakfast.

Lorna went through her letters, but found nothing of interest. Now she pushed the small stack of envelopes aside and asked Tim the daily question, with exaggerated petulance. "Aren't you going to read your post to me?"

"Only the bills!" was the inevitable answer. Then with a smile he chose an envelope at random, opened it and read:

"On behalf of the board of directors, it again becomes my duty to give you an account of the Association's progress . . ."

"That's enough! Thanks!" Lorna said dryly. "What time do you want me to pick you up at the hospital?"

"Oh, about seven, I suppose. H'm! Listen to this: Our investment in Government bonds has increased considerably, giving us a strong secondary cash reserve."

"All right, darling, I surrender! I may be a bit late to-night. There's a Women's Institute tea to-day."

Please turn to page 17



# ORCHIDS TO YOU

By . . .  
**LAWRENCE WILLIAMS**

**A**T midday on Saturday Professor Peter Hodges stepped out of his office in the Botanical Gardens into the sunshine and started across the park. He was walking quickly, but purely from habit.

This was the way he did most things nowadays, not absentmindedly as professors are supposed to do, but methodically, with a sort of tedious precision which worried him sometimes. It made him feel that he was growing old before his time, although he was only thirty-three.

But, he had come to suppose, that was necessarily the way for professors.

Then, just as he was passing the main gate, Professor Hodges did a thing he had never done before in his life.

The girl was just walking past the gate. She was a trim, slender girl, neither tall nor short. Her hair was dark and soft, her wide-set eyes were deep, clear blue. She wore a tailored suit, and on her lapel a flower was pinned.

Peter Hodges stood motionless and stared at the girl for the longest time he had ever stared openly at any girl. Then he swallowed, as though he were swallowing an unshelled walnut, and walked determinedly over to her.

"I beg your pardon," he said, and he could hear the unfamiliar quaver in his voice, "but I . . . I must speak to you. Your bigeneric hybrid *Orchis Cypripedium*—it's magnificent!"

The girl looked up into Professor Hodges' face in astonishment. "What?" she said.

"Your flower," Peter explained hastily, "your orchid . . . Well, perhaps I'd better introduce myself. I'm Professor Hodges from the Botanical Gardens. I'm an orchidologist."

He bowed a little so that he would look dignified, but the breeze had ruffled his hair, and when he smiled he looked even younger than he was.

"Oh, I see. How do you do, Professor?" she said. Her voice was as soft as the flower she wore. "What is it about my orchid? Isn't it just an ordinary one?"

Peter Hodges' face relaxed a little

under the girl's smile, and he went on enthusiastically: "Ordinary! Oh, no, it's extremely rare! You see, this blossom came from a bigeneric plant. That is to say, a plant which falls between species of different genera."

He leaned closer to the girl to examine the blossom more carefully, found himself staring straight into her eyes, and straightened up quickly.

"Three petaloid sepals—most remarkable," he murmured weakly.

The girl continued to watch him, her eyes smiling.

"This is very interesting, Professor," she said. "I had no idea my flower was a rare one. It just came from a florist's. Perhaps in the interest of science the Botanical Gardens might like . . ." She started to unpin the blossom, but the professor stopped her.

"Oh, no, I couldn't possibly take it," he said, and when his hand touched hers to restrain it, he drew it away quickly to show that he had not meant to be presumptuous. In the brief contact he saw that there were no rings on the girl's left hand and, for some reason, this observation made his heart pound unnaturally.

"I was wondering," he went on, "Are you interested in flowers?"

"Yes, I love them," the girl said.

Professor Hodges swallowed another walnut, looked into the girl's eyes, and said, all in one breath, "In that case, if you have no other engagement, would you do me the honor of having lunch with me and letting me take you back to the Gardens to show you our new exhibit of tropical plants? There will be lots of other people there," he added hurriedly.

For a split second only, the girl studied the professor's guileless eyes.

"Why, I'd love it, Professor," she said. "Thank you."

They went to a small restaurant where Peter usually had lunch.

Presently the girl said, "I don't know whether it matters, Professor, but my name is Jean Henley."

Peter's face flushed scarlet.

"Matters! Of course it matters! Please forgive me for not asking, Miss Henley, but it's just . . ." He stopped, flushed again, and tried an



"You must not say your experiment won't succeed," she said softly.

explanation. "Professors are usually considered . . . well, unworried and stodgy, and when people think of you that way for long enough, I suppose you really do get like it."

For a moment she watched his face, and when she spoke her eyes smiled at him. "As a matter of fact, you don't look the part very well. You look much more like a film star playing the part of a professor."

"I do?" Peter said, trying to look sceptical. "My goodness, I never thought of that." Then he straightened his necktie and looked across the table at her with such intensity that she started. Suddenly he said, "Miss Henley, I don't want to appear forward, but would you call me . . . Peter?"

"All right, if you like, Peter," she said easily. "You call me Jean."

"Jean," Professor Hodges said to himself, as though he were trying it out. Then he smiled and had to stop himself twice from looking a rude length of time at the place where the soft dark hair curled against Jean's neck.

After lunch Peter conducted her back to the Gardens where several dozen people were congregated in a huge greenhouse, peering into raised flats of unidentifiable plants. An elderly man crossed directly to Peter.

"Glad to see you decided to come after all, Hodges," he said.

"Thank you, sir," said Peter. "I'd like to introduce Miss Henley. Jean, this is Professor Atkins, the head of our department."

Jean and the professor shook hands. Professor Atkins said, "Well, I suppose Hodges has told you all about his work, Miss Henley."

"The orchids, you mean?" Jean said. "He's told me a little."

The professor waved his hand in a gesture of dismissal. "Oh, the orchids are nothing but a sideline with Hodges," he said. "His real work is going to put an end to at least three tropical diseases."

Peter broke in before she could answer. "It isn't anything, Jean, really it isn't," he said. "Just something I've been working on."

"Nonsense. Make him show you, Miss Henley," Professor Atkins said. "What he says isn't anything may save a million lives some day."

"Will you, Peter?" Jean watched him, unsmiling.

"But it's . . . it's only . . . All right, if you like," Peter took her arm and steered her through a door into another smaller greenhouse.

"Here," he said, indicating rows of potted plants, "I'm cross-breeding

subtropical plants, trying to concentrate certain known but weak properties in plant life as specific against endemic diseases." He looked down at her, smiling sideways. "That's just like a professor, isn't it? Working out his life in a vacuum, trying to change things in the dark. It probably won't succeed."

Jean said softly, "You must say your experiment won't succeed, Peter. You've got to stop thinking you're stodgy and in a vacuum just because you're a professor. You're doing more than most people ever do."

The greenhouse was warm, the air scented delicately by the tropical blossoms. Looking down into Jean's face, Peter felt a constriction in his throat he had never felt before, and he turned quickly away.

"Jean," he said, "I have something to tell you—something that I've done." His face was tight with the effort his words caused him, but he made himself speak. "Your orchid," he said, "it's not a bigeneric hybrid. I just made that up. It is an *Orchis Cypripedium*, but that doesn't mean . . . well, it only means it's quite an ordinary variety."

Jean remained silent.

Peter went on hurriedly, miserably: "I don't know what came over me. I saw you there and I knew right away you were the kind of girl I'd always . . . Well, anyway, I couldn't just walk past and never see you again, so I made that up about the orchid."

"There's something I'd better tell you, too, Peter," she said. "Do you remember I told you my orchid came from a florist's shop? Well, it was from my own shop." She smiled openly. "I wouldn't be much good as a florist if I didn't know an *Orchis Cypripedium* from a bigeneric hybrid, would I?"

He stared at her blankly. "You mean . . . you mean, you came with me anyway?" His voice was incredulous. "You mean you wanted . . . He gave up trying to say it, and a brand-new expression came to Professor Hodges' face. "My goodness," he said at last.

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# The BEST LAID PLANS

By...

**TINA WESTBURY**

**G**ERALDINE sat at the dressing-table, methodically brushing her hair as it tumbled about her small pale face. She gazed critically at her reflection. In the subdued light of the lamp she could have been mistaken for a young girl.

"And that is what I am," she reflected resentfully, "compared with him."

She gave her hair one final stroke and dropped the brush carelessly among the multitude of toilet articles littering the surface of the dressing-table. She made no move to rise, but sat staring straight ahead. I wonder how much longer I can bear it, she was thinking.

She began to tidy the dressing-table with mechanical precision, her thoughts running on again, wonderingly.

Why did I marry him? Of course I imagined I was in love with him. She opened a drawer and lifted a pale lemon nightdress from its depths. No, she amended honestly, I imagined no such thing, although I tried to deceive myself into believing I did. I married him for his money, his name, his position.

Robert R. Caldwell, eminent K.C., member of one of our oldest and most distinguished families—she quoted bitterly from an article featured in a current magazine.

Her fingers clenched and her eyes blurred.

"I didn't know it would be like this," she whispered. "I can't stand it. I'm young. People say I'm pretty. I want to get away from here. I thought everything would be all right when I married Robert. I didn't realise how soon I would learn to hate him."

Mark's hand trembled as he lit a cigarette.

With an effort he suppressed his inclination to pace the floor, and seated himself in an armchair by the fire. He felt suddenly ashamed of the panic which had almost overcome him.

He had attached too much importance to old Robert's refusal to lend him the money. The old man had seemed adamant, but, after all, he couldn't allow his own son, his own flesh and blood, to be sent to gaol for the sake of a paltry five thousand. He could well afford it, and it wasn't as though he were being asked to give the sum. It was only a loan.

Relaxing, Mark blew a smoke ring and watched it float languidly ceilingwards. Old Robert had no choice. Of course he would pay up.

But what if he didn't? Mark muttered his dry lips. Who else could he turn to? Kenneth? Geraldine? He smiled mirthlessly. Kenneth's wage was barely large enough to support himself and Dallas, and he knew that Geraldine's allowance was the merest pittance.

What would Naomi say when he told her of his failure to persuade his father to lend him the money? Little beads of sweat sprang out upon his forehead. Outside, the wind seemed to be moaning: "Five thousand pounds. Five thousand pounds."

Barry closed a heavy leather-bound book and replaced it on the shelf behind him. He reached for

the top folder of a neat pile, outwardly uniform in appearance, and withdrawing a sheet of foolscap covered with hieroglyphic notes studied it intently for some minutes.

He added a memo in the top right-hand corner, then closed the folder and rose to his feet. His hard grey eyes were alight with triumph—even fanaticism—and he tapped his pen nervously against the rim of his desk.

"I think I've got it," he said aloud. "I'll have to develop the idea. If only I had my own laboratory." He made a rapid mental calculation.

"It would cost a bit—a lot, in fact. But if I can persuade Father to lend me a few thousands I can make up the total with my own savings. I must have a laboratory, whatever the cost. This drug will be the means of saving thousands of lives. Besides," with a wry smile, "making me a wealthy man."

The clock struck ten, and, packing the folders into a leather case, which he locked, Barry switched out the light and hurried across the hall and up the stairs. He noticed a line of light under his father's door and paused hesitantly outside.

Apparently old Robert's still awake, he thought. Wonder if I could ask him for the loan now. With sudden resolution, he stepped forward and knocked. I suppose there's no time like the present.

In response to an irritable: "Well, come in. Come in," he turned the handle and entered.

Dallas stood at the open window, gazing out across the windswept garden. She shivered, but, although the night was cold, this was not the cause. Mentally she reviewed the recent interview with her father-in-law and flushed painfully as she remembered his scathing denunciation.

The hateful, expressionless voice seemed to echo in her brain, and she saw again the gimlet eyes reflecting malignant satisfaction.

"I opposed your marriage to Kenneth from the very beginning. I told him that I disapproved of his choice and warned him what to expect if he married a woman from a dance-hall—a — er — professional hostess. Apparently my estimate of

*He tried to snatch at the bottle as it hurtled down.*

your character was correct. Tomorrow I shall tell Kenneth of your interesting little affair with Lewis Cole."

Her tearful pleadings had been of no avail, and he had dismissed her with ill-concealed impatience.

How could I have been such a fool? she thought. I love Ken so much. I don't know what came over me. He mustn't find out. Ken must never know.

Her figure lost some of its rigidity as she turned away from the window and moved across the room to the bedside table. She reached for the small, solitary bottle standing there, but withdrew her hand as the door opened and Naomi entered unceremoniously.

"So sorry to disturb you, darling. I just want to borrow a few bobby-pins if you can spare them. I always seem to be losing mine." Her sharp little eyes darted about the room, finally returning to Dallas.

"Anything the matter?" she inquired.

"No," Dallas managed tonelessly. "Why should there be anything the matter?" She crossed to the dressing-table, plucked half-a-dozen pins from a silver box of ornaments, and handed them to Naomi.

"I'm afraid that's all I have," she said, with some semblance of her habitual composure. Naomi received them with a brief nod of thanks, and hurried towards the door. She paused on the threshold.

"You're quite sure there's nothing wrong?"

"No!" Dallas cried hysterically. "Go away and leave me alone."

Naomi pinned her dark curls back from her face, reflecting that Dallas was a peculiar, unpredictable person. She slipped out of her gay floral dress and into a velvet gown,

completely forgetting, for the time being, Dallas and her troubles.

Next year Mark and I should be able to move into our own house—in a fashionable suburb, she thought, pirouetting before a full-length mirror.

She wondered why Mark was away so long, and her little inquisitive eyes narrowed apprehensively. Surely old Robert had not refused

a loan? She was conscious of a chill sensation of fear.

Naomi, mercenary and unscrupulous, had social ambitions and did not care what methods she used to achieve these. Mark had found her an expensive luxury, but viewed her very obvious faults through rose-colored glasses.

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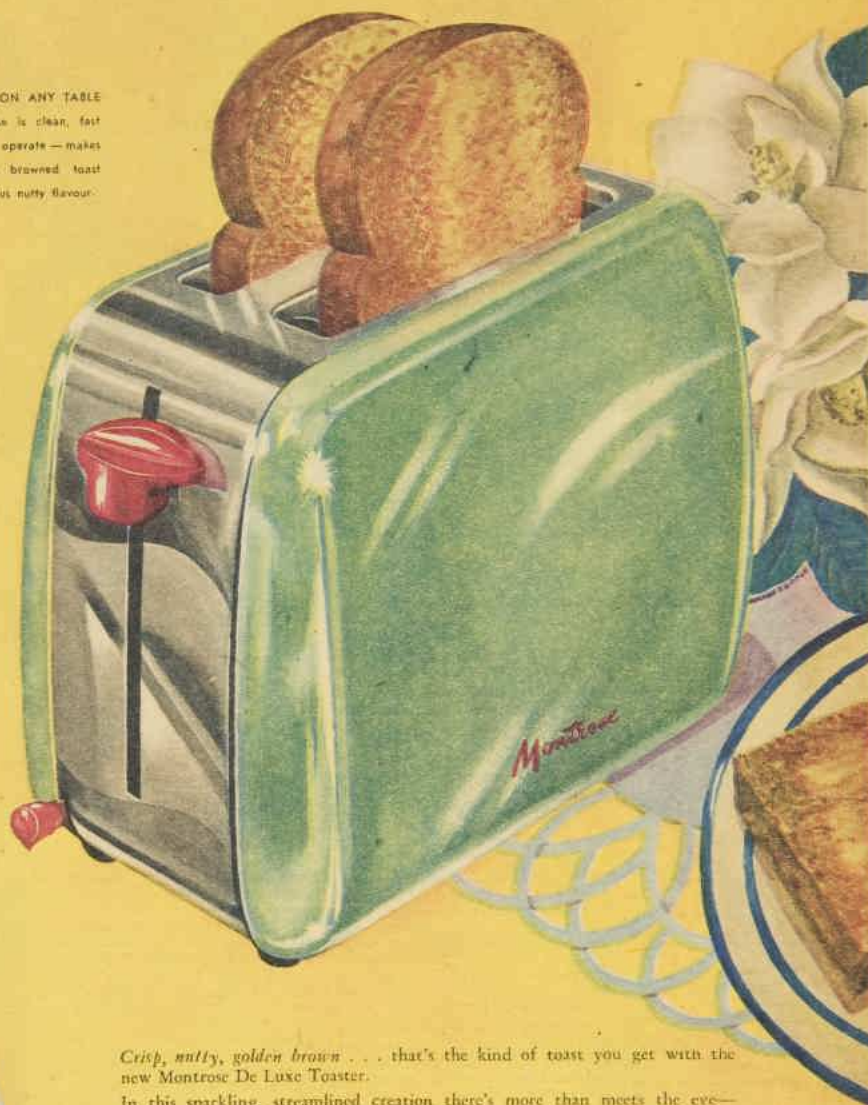


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# HEAVENLY HARMONY

By SUE BURKE

I was quite out of the blue that Betty said suddenly, "I don't see why I shouldn't write a great novel."

Bill honked like a dying swan. This was meant to convey amusement and a shading of tolerance.

But if Bill could have seen the look Betty flashed at him, well—it would have frozen him at fifty paces.

Bill? Betty? Me? Well, I'm Bill's gremlin—Bill was a fighter pilot in the war—I was his gremlin, his good one.

We went through a lot together and I don't mind saying that I helped him out of many a tight squeeze. We got on well together really, and when the war finished I was so used to being with him I just couldn't go back to the old life of watching over small boys in their escapades. I stayed with Bill.

After we were back in Australia for good and Bill was out of the Air Force he married Betty. His beautiful Betsy, he used to call her when we were on our own in our tent at Morotai. We didn't know when we were in England, which is probably just as well, as Bill . . . but then, no secrets, that was B.B. (before Betty).

They make an ideal couple—Bill's a great chap, big and rugged-looking, the sort girls go mad over. Betty—well, she's 23 and a darling, even if I do say so myself. Not too short, not too thin, always starting a new diet which lasts about two meals, curly-haired and bright-eyed. Always getting new hobbies and ideas.

That last one was barbola ware. Oh, my sainted ghost—that got a bit wearing, too.

Bill had to put a stop to that one when a piece of dried barbola panny turned up in the soup.

One thing, though, these hobbies don't last long. Hence Bill's honk at this writing angle.

"I'll write a best-seller, that's what I'll do. It'll go with a bang. Probably it will be filmed, too. None of this 'Boy meets Girl' stuff. This will be fine and deep."

"Yes, darling. I'm sure you could do it, too. You go right ahead and we'll just see."

Bill, as you will have guessed just from those few remarks, is a strategist. You see his method is to encourage Betty, which immediately puts her off to a degree.

Had he just followed up the honk with some sarcastic remark, that would have immediately inspired her to "show him."

All this started at breakfast. Bill was finishing his porridge when the first revelations were made. Now came the bacon and eggs.

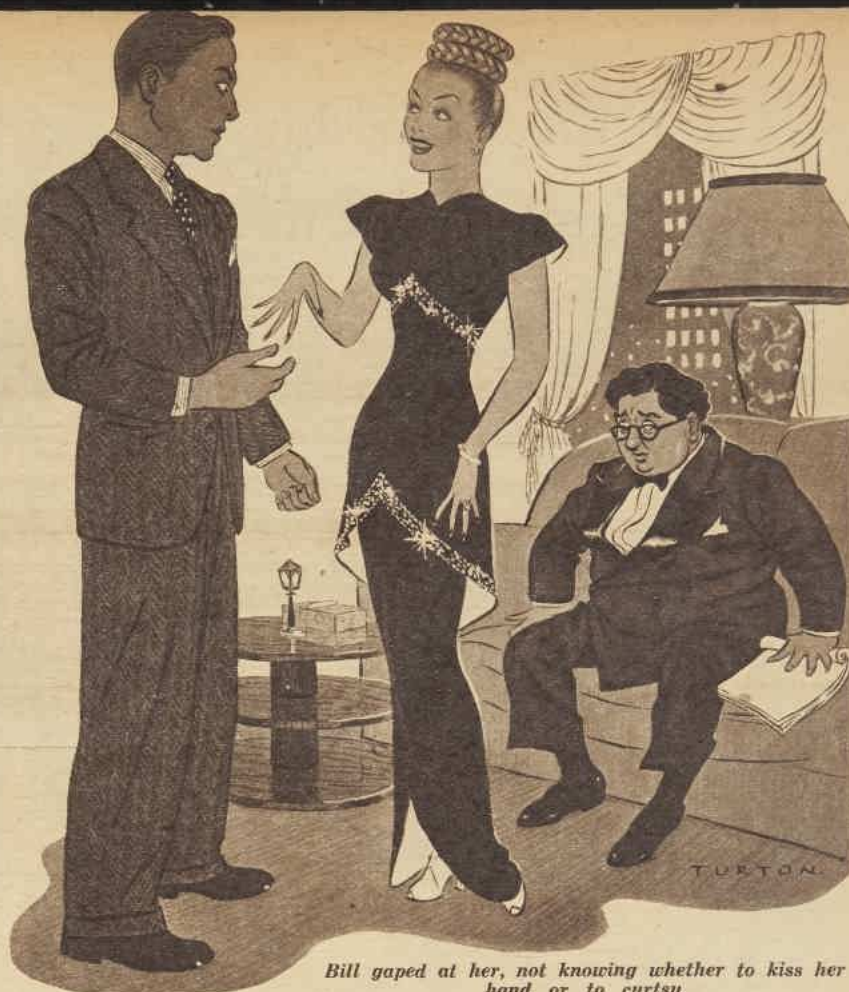
Something seemed to have happened here, for the eggs were fried hard and the bacon was a bit too crispy for comfort. Bill didn't mind, though—you know what it is when women get an idea. It would work off in a day or two.

He wasn't worrying and neither was I, except for that funny look she threw Bill after his encouraging remarks. I almost thought she guessed his strategy.

Well, after breakfast was over, Bill and I left for the office. Bill is a stockbroker, and I'm really his right-hand man.

To tell you the truth, I'm not too good on this stock business—it's so different from planes—but I'm catching on, and by making him drop a paper on the floor only last Thursday managed to save him from some rotten stock he was thinking of buying as a "spec."

Nothing in particular happened during the day—nothing went up



Bill gaped at her, not knowing whether to kiss her hand or to curtsy.

tremendously and only a few of Bill's stocks came down.

We went home ready for our usual good tea, wondering what it would be. Betty is a bit of a recipe maniac, too. And a good one. She's mad on new dishes, and the kitchen is cluttered with cookery books and magazines.

Sometimes these recipes are a flop, but then, again, other times they are really delicious and I have been known to wish I could eat like humans, too.

Mind you, I can eat pancakes, but Betty doesn't make them very often, and Bill is often heard to remark during his eating of these delicious things, "Darling, they're wonderful, but you don't make enough."

He doesn't know, of course, that I'm quick on the uptake.

Now, where was I? Yes, of course, that day we went home on the 5.23, arriving on the dot of six. We went in the back way as usual to greet Betty.

Bill stopped short once inside. Instead of bending over the stove, as usual, Betty was seated at the kitchen table utterly surrounded with quarto paper. Bill's old typewriter was whizzing along at an alarming rate. Bet's hair was all over the place.

Hearing the kitchen door shut, she looked up.

"Darling—what on earth's the time? Oh, my heavens! I've been so busy I just didn't know whether it was morning or afternoon. It's wonderful—it's so easy—I've written three chapters. Darling—tea—I've forgotten, still, we'll get something."

"Right, sweet. I'm not really hungry—had a big lunch. Anything will do. After tea I want to hear these first chapters."

"Oh, I couldn't let you—but then perhaps just this once. You know, a writer mustn't let anybody read her stuff before it's in print, but just the first chapters."

Tea consisted of two poached eggs on toast. A bit grim, but Bill and I aren't moaners.

This went on for three months. Bill was looking a bit haggard by now. Poached eggs, cheese on toast, and an occasional "cooked ready to eat" rabbit soon told on

his constitution. Told on his stocks, too, and I had my work cut out to keep him from doing silly things.

Betty had taken to locking herself in the bathroom, with the typewriter balancing in the wash basin and sitting on some of Bill's beloved

books to get the necessary height. She wouldn't let Bill in and would come out about 11 o'clock, tired-looking and just ready to fall into bed and die. I tell you it was awful.

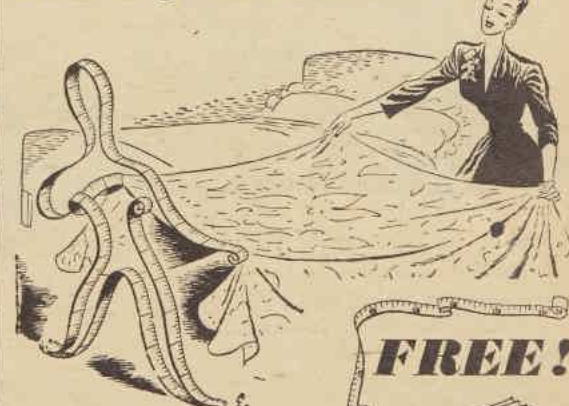
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# "Serve this nourishing Kraft Salad today"



— says  
**Elizabeth Cooke,**  
Kraft's famous Cooking  
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## GREEN and GOLD SALAD BOWL

1 lettuce, 1 bunch round radishes, 4 tomatoes, 1 small cucumber, 1 bunch celery, 3 hard cooked eggs, 6 ozs. Kraft Cheddar Cheese, pepper, salt, Kraft Mayonnaise.

Line a salad bowl with crisp lettuce. Add radishes trimmed into rosettes—quartered peeled tomatoes—unpeeled cucumber slices—celery curls—sliced, hard cooked eggs.

Season with pepper and salt to taste. Fill centre of dish with slices of Kraft Cheese and serve with Kraft Mayonnaise. Serves four.

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Ask for Kraft Cheese in the smart 8 oz. packet or have the exact quantity you require cut from the economical 5 lb. loaf at your grocer's.



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— every Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday  
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## Three January Tots

...born under the  
Sign of  
**CAPRICORN**



The astrological influences of Capricorn are dominant between December 21st and January 21st and children whose birthdays come at this time of the year are likely to have ambitious, energetic and persevering natures. They may rise to success in the world through their own personal efforts—so these three Capricorn kiddies are off to a good start, with healthful Vegemite to help them grow strong and sturdy.



LLOYD PENGLOSE

"My little Lloyd loves the flavour of Vegemite. At the same time it is helping to keep him fit because it is full of essential vitamins", says Mrs. Penglose of Bathurst Road, Springwood, N.S.W. Lloyd is five on January 4th.



SHIRLEY WEARNE

Pretty little Shirley Patricia Wearne is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. N. Wearne of Bunbury Street, Footscray, Victoria. She is just four now and Mrs. Wearne says: "I took the advice of the Infant Welfare Centre and I've been giving Shirley Vegemite regularly ever since her baby days."



JOHN BRERETON

Three years old on January 3rd, John is the sturdy young son of Mr. and Mrs. Brereton of Gympie Street, Northgate, Brisbane. Mrs. Brereton says: "Vegemite has been a part of John's diet since he was 14 months. Its vitamin content has done a great deal towards building John up into such a healthy child."

Vegemite — a little does a power of good, because it is:

- ★ Richer in Vitamin B1 (Aneurin)
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- ★ Tastier and costs less.







ROLLING HIS OWN cigarette and wearing a cowboy hat which was given to him in Canada, Chips Rafferty starts life again in Sydney.



BREAKFAST IN BED is a homecoming luxury for Chips, especially when it is kidneys and bacon, cooked and served by his wife Quentin at their King's Cross flat. In England this sort of breakfast was only a dream.

## Chips comes home to his favorite leading lady

Wife who shared the lean years now thrilled with success

By MARJORIE BECKINGSALE

Chips Rafferty is home again.

The man who once bearded an Australian film producer in his office, smoking a borrowed cigar, with threepence in his pocket and a ton of hope in his heart has returned after being feted in England and America.

And he's never been happier than to be back in the pleasant King's Cross flat with his wife, Quentin, who has shared bad times and good with him, who has worked hard to earn her share of the family crust when Chips were hard to come by, and who is now even more thrilled than Chips that success is his.

HE has been officially nominated as one of Britain's best film bets. Chips, when he heard this news, said "Cripest!"

Filmgoers all over the world now are familiar with the sight of that thin, lanky figure with the thick, straight, black hair, and very direct blue eyes. They have heard his slow, deep voice—but Chips in his own home is at his best.

He and Quentin are Mr. and Mrs. John Goffage away from the film world, though few people now ever call Mr. Goffage anything but Chips.

It was nine o'clock in the morning on the day after his arrival by plane from America that I called to see what travel and film fame had done to this most Australian of Australian blokes.

Chips, in bright blue pyjamas, was sitting up in bed bucking into a plate of kidneys and bacon. Quentin was popping in and out of the kitchen, answering the telephone, fixing mounds of flowers, and glowing over the gorgeous presents her husband had brought her.

It did seem a long way from the night a few months ago when he was nearly smothered by bobby-soxers in a London theatre.

I'd feared that Chips might have changed, but the fears were quickly dispelled.

The nonchalance, the sense of

humor, the natural good judgment of a keen, well-trained mind are all still there. Maybe his voice has changed a little, but not much. Quentin had wondered, too. She laughed as she said:

"I didn't wonder for long. He stepped out, gave me a bear's hug, and said, 'Cripest, but I'm tired.'"

"We went home to the flat, and Chips dropped his bags and rushed to ring up his mother."

"Lots of people called, but after they had all gone I gave him dinner about eight o'clock. Believe it or not, it was rabbit."

"You bet, it's my favorite dish, the way Quent cooks it," said Australia's number one male film star.

"After dinner we dried up the dishes together while he told me what he had thought of meeting Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret and other famous people," said his wife.

In the middle of talking about some of the people he had met abroad and the impressions he had gained, Chips suddenly let out a roar of laughter and turned to Quentin.

"It was all beaut, and goah, I've learned a lot, but will you ever forget the first time we went to see me on the screen?" he asked.

He rolled a cigarette, and Quentin broke in:

"It was his first film job, a bit part as a hayseed in a film starring Will Mahoney. Chips and I got all dressed up and went to the Capitol



WELCOME HOME for Chips when he greeted his wife as he stepped from the flying-boat at Rose Bay. The only things he brought for himself while he was abroad were some ties and a gold watch.

Theatre in Sydney. The film progressed and I asked, 'When do you come on?' and Chips said: 'Hey, that was me.'"

"We hadn't even registered the fleeting few seconds he appeared."

### Breathless hush

"ANOTHER night I'll never forget was the London premiere of 'The Overlanders,'" said Chips.

"When the film finished there was dead silence in the packed audience for about thirty seconds. I've never felt so frightened . . . I wished the floor would open and swallow me."

"Then a roar of cheering and clapping went up, and I damned nearly cried."

He paused and called to his wife, "Please, another cup of tea, my tobacco pouch, and a teaspoon."

Swiftly came her retort from the other room, "You've got the tobacco, and why the teaspoon?"

Chips winked at me and said:

"Well, darling, I always had a teaspoon at the Savoy Hotel in London."

His tobacco-stained fingers rolled

yet another cigarette, and he grew serious as he talked about England.

"London is an alarming, marvelous, and appalling place," he said. "I felt remote from it, though. I'm NOT a city bloke at all."

"New York is terrific. I wandered round trying to buy Quent what I wanted, but I was glad to leave."

"I just had to come home."

The film work he did in "Joanna Godden" for Ealing in England he described as being lots of fun.

When I asked to see the presents Chips had brought back, he padded into the lounge-room.

With a grin he donned a huge white cowboy hat that had been given him in Canada.

Blue pyjamas plus cowboy hat were a sight to behold. The lovely jewellery and cosmetics he had brought were obviously a great joy to his wife, but she looked over at him and said:

"Do you remember the first present you ever gave me? We had met only a few times, and you came down from your shearing job and called at my flat about 7 a.m."

"The landlady brought you up

stairs and you gave me a box of chocolates and asked me to lunch."

They both laughed, and Quentin talked of their first meeting while Chips started shaving.

"He was living in a little boat at Rushcutter Bay, in Sydney, and a girl-friend asked me to go down and meet him," she said.

"I have a phobia about deep water, and it took them half an hour to persuade me to get on to that boat, but when I came home I wrote in my diary that night, 'I've sat in a boat and listened to a man talk about mythology, and I've never had such a lovely evening.'"

Conversation turned again to motion pictures.

"Now that you've seen the world, what are your plans?" I asked.

"Well," he said very slowly, "I've been knocking round for a long time, but after some time in Australia I want to go away again for more overseas experience and to take her ladyship for a trip."

"I made a lot of friends in England, and to go back would be like old home week."

"In the beginning, when I fluked my way into pictures, I was in the 'try anything once' stage."

"During the making of 'Forty Thousand Horsemen' I started to think seriously about the business. 'This looks like being my job,' I said to myself, and I started to learn the technical side."

"Since then I've concentrated on every angle. I know the politics of films; I've had some experience in casting—in the Gaumont British film 'Bush Christmas,' made in Australia. I've learned a little about cutting, and now I've got directorial ambitions, so I'm going to study cutting more."

"But I want to go on acting."

Chips will start work again in Australia soon, but the night when Mr. and Mrs. John Goffage dress up in their best and go out to celebrate their wedding anniversary won't be a night when a famous film star is on display.

It will be the celebration of two highly intelligent people whose understanding of each other and ability to laugh at themselves and misfortune have helped to bring fame and financial security to a happy marriage.



## HAPPY NEW YEAR

NEW YEAR is the time for optimism. No matter how bad the months past have been, nor how dim the immediate future, the idea that the coming year will be better is irresistible.

With seven bad years to look back on, the determined pessimist could easily maintain that prospects are not rosy.

Abroad, the international field is sown with unsolved problems. At home, industrial troubles harass employer and employee alike.

But at this season we are more inclined to ignore the stern logic of the pessimist and listen willingly to the cheerier voice of the optimist, who bids us count our blessings and believe that they will multiply.

In Australia we have more blessings to count than in most countries. There are sunshine, good food, and warmth for all.

We include peace as a blessing, because we have not had it long enough yet to take it for granted.

The boys are home again—final stages of demobilisation will soon be completed. Though some have not yet found their niche in civil life, thousands are training for new jobs and many more are already happily re-established.

Many shortages are being overcome, and from time to time the housewife with a glad cry lights upon some commodity she has not seen for years.

The time when a new car may be bought, or that new house built, comes a little nearer, and people who have long wanted to travel are talking ships again.

All in all, we're not badly off, and it will be a happier New Year if we cling to this spirit of optimism right into 1947.

# New life begins for Polish woman patriot

With this New Year there opens up a new life for a Polish woman, Miss Halina Kozubowska.

As the direct result of the help she gave a young Australian airman, she is now in Australia in his mother's home, with the prospect of a happier future than her native land could offer after the tragic years of war.

**P**ATRIOT daughter of a patriotic Polish family, she has recently been an honored guest in the Sydney home of the young R.A.A.F. pilot who lived for 18 months with her family in Warsaw during the German occupation of Poland.

Early in the Battle for Britain a young Australian Spitfire pilot, Keith Chisholm, was shot down over the English Channel and sent to Germany as a prisoner of war.

He escaped, entered Poland, and contacted members of the Underground movement, who sent him on to Warsaw.

One of the earliest members of the Polish Underground movement was a Warsaw woman lawyer, Halina Kozubowska, and she persuaded her family to take the young Spitfire pilot into their home.

The Gestapo did not deal lightly with Poles found to be assisting escaped enemy prisoners. The penalty was death.

"We had become used to danger," Halina Kozubowska said over morning tea at the Chisholms' home. "The only member of the household who was at first afraid of this new danger was Miss Victoria, our old governess."

"She made my mother a little afraid. But I said, 'Your own son is hiding somewhere in this country. He can speak the language. This Australian pilot cannot even do that. As a mother, don't you think we should do this for him?'"

Keith took his parents down to the wharf to greet his protégé on her recent arrival in Australia.

"We waited and waited," Mrs. Chisholm said. "And then at last there was Halina. Keith had told us so much about her. We knew just how she would look."

The mother of the Spitfire pilot and the Polish woman who had for 18 months risked the lives of herself and family in taking him into her home exchanged a wordless glance across the teacups.

The, the former Warsaw lawyer said, "Do not think that I did not know how you would look, too. For I did."

It would be hard to imagine a happier woman than the vital, prematurely white-haired mother of Keith Chisholm, now that she has her son's benefactor under her own roof.

"Halina is everything that Keith said," she explains.

"Shortly after Keith came to us," Miss Kozubowska said, "our lines of escape were sabotaged. There were wholesale arrests."

"Instead of passing him along the lines through France and into Spain from where he could escape to England, we could see that Keith would have to stay much longer than was customary—until new lines had been established and their safety proved."

"It was decided that it wouldn't be possible to hide him all that time. He would have to learn Polish, be given false papers, and pass himself off as a member of our house-

"And he had to have new clothes. At first he wore the clothes of my brother, who was away from home as chief of counter-espionage for Poland. But we knew that sooner or later he would have to go about on his own."

"At the beginning I or someone who could be trusted went everywhere with him—out into the street, to the doctor, to the tailor. Gradually his Polish improved, and he was able to go out by himself."

"He learned to speak very good Polish, with a very good accent. Twice when he was out he was stopped by the Gestapo and his papers examined."

"These showed him as a clerk, but didn't give any place of work. This omission on one occasion caught the German official's eye, and would certainly have led to arrest had Keith not been quick-witted enough to say that he was walking in the



**POLISH** Halina Kozubowska (right) with her hostess, Mrs. Chisholm, whose son she befriended, on the verandah of the Chisholms' home at Balgowlah, Sydney.

street at that time of day because he was on holiday."

"Soon Keith became restless and wanted to help. He came with us in the Underground, and would you believe it?" Miss Kozubowska said proudly, "he rose to be chief of the department for foreign prisoners of war in Warsaw."

After the Warsaw rising of 1944, Halina Kozubowska, who had been an active member of the Polish Underground since 1939, was deported to Germany with nearly 50 others and set to heavy work in a foundry.

When the U.S. 1st Army liberated that area, she worked at first in organising something approaching a normal life for the other Polish slave laborers.

"When freedom comes so suddenly," she says, "many people are unprepared. The instinct is to loot, to run wild. I could not let my countrymen do that."

"I contacted the Army—they no

doubt wondered who on earth I was—and they gave me the job I wanted and the title of Special Section Investigation Officer."

Later Miss Kozubowska's legal training and ability to speak Russian, French, Polish, and German, as well as English, was too valuable not to be made use of, and she was transferred to Brunswick, where she did legal work in an English military court.

In the china cabinet of Mrs. Chisholm's beautiful Balgowlah flat is a magnificent rose-decorated Sevres plate and a set of Swedish crystal glasses.

"They once graced the quarters of a German colonel, and were brought to her as a gift by her guest."

Keith Chisholm was not the only flier the Kozubowskas took in and sheltered. There was Charles, the American sergeant, now safely back in his home State; and Geoffrey, the English sergeant, about whose fate Miss Kozubowska is not so happy.

"We turned him on his way," she says. "Then we did not hear. Everything was organised and seemed safe. We feel though that we would surely have heard if he had got through."

There was a Dutch naval officer, too. "He and Keith and Charles wanted to stage a three-nation invasion after VE-Day and look for Spitfire, Brush, and her pups," Miss Kozubowska went on.

"Brush is the English translation of the name of the little Scottish terrier we had at home. All the boys loved her, and when she had her first puppies Keith insisted—being of Scottish descent himself—on giving them all Scottish names."

"It was very strange to hear these little Polish-Scottish terrier puppies being called Mary of Argyll, Sandy, Jack, and Annie Laurie. Keith was the only one of the household who could say their names properly."

Keith's own little wire-haired terrier Spitfire, or "Spitty" for short, stayed with me until the very minute I left for Germany. I tried hard to take her with me, but the Germans found out and one of their officers took her. No dogs allowed, they told me coldly. "Only workers."

"It was sad when we kept her alive all during the rising, when we had to live in cellars, and even the humans had only soup to eat."

Miss Kozubowska must earn her own living and make a new life in Australia. Already she is having English lessons. "First thing I must do is perfect my English," she says.

Actually it is extremely good, flexible, and expressive. She learned it as a small girl from the governess who, after 30 years' service, is still with her family. And then again after many years she spoke it to Keith Chisholm.

"I do not know what I shall be able to do," this Polish Underground heroine explains. "I cannot ever go back to law in a new country. I would have to go to the University again. I am too tired, it is too expensive."

"If I can become established," Miss Kozubowska said, "I hope to bring out my brother and his family. He is in England now, in the settlement corps for Polish soldiers."

"We grew up away from our country—in China, where my father was a surgeon. But he was a patriot, and when the time came for us to finish our education he took us all back to Poland."

"New," Miss Kozubowska finished. "It is a new life in Australia. And I know that I am very lucky."

# Interesting People



**MISS QUEENIE ROYAL**

dancing and decoration

**MEMBER** of Sadler's Wells Ballet in London, Queenie Royal is visiting Australia. She left Sydney several years ago. Has toured England and danced in Paris. Her husband, Craig Baynes, and she spent past year interior decorating big, old Mayfair houses. He has his own film unit. Will arrive here to make short films early this year. Queenie plans to dance here with Billy Morgan, now in "Follow the Girls." She will also coach at the Frances Scully Dancing School.



**DR. KURT SCHUMACHER**

invited to England

**HAGGARD** and drawn after experiences in a concentration camp, Dr. Kurt Schumacher is the first German to pay an official visit to any of the victorious countries since the ending of the war. He arrived in England recently at the invitation of the British Labor Party, and is the leader of a delegation of German Social Democrats. Dr. Schumacher was released from the concentration camp in 1943.



**MISS KATHERINE SHERMAN**

knew her war

**RATED** one of the best-informed Americans on military matters concerning Australia and British possessions, Katherine Sherman is on temporary duty at the office of the U.S. Military Attache, Melbourne. For past five years she has been chief of the Dominions desk, British Empire Section, U.S. War Department, Washington. During war she coordinated all reports sent to Washington by U.S. military attaches all over the British Dominions. She gave up a job as political science teacher to take present job.



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . By Wep





**DON'T** use the restaurant wall-mirror as a boudoir dressing-table. No wonder he looks exasperated. If you **MUST** repair the havoc wrought by eating, retire to the powder-room.

## ***He didn't ask her out again!***



**PATTI MORGAN** and **Max Gibb**, Sydney models, illustrate here some of those breaches of good manners many girls are guilty of on a dancing-dining date. These **DON'TS** can ruin **HIS** evening—may even supply the answer to the query "Now why didn't he ask me out again?"



**DON'T** be so careless with your bag that he ends up under table in search of lipstick.

**DON'T** wave across his shoulder to male acquaintances to underline your popularity.

**DON'T** chatter idly and indefinitely to friends at nearby tables while he is left to cool his heels and note your bad manners.



**DON'T** order an expensive meal, then leave it practically untouched. Consider his pocketbook.



**DON'T** affect a worldly bored air or devote your attention to everyone in restaurant except him.



**DON'T** be authoritative type who stages scene with waiter. He isn't impressed, is just embarrassed.



WEVE just heard of a young Australian man who thought up a beautiful idea on how to get himself accommodation in London, where the housing shortage is quite a problem.

Before sailing for England he sent advertisements to a number of London papers stating that he was seeking board with a family, and could promise a constant supply of tinned goods from Australia.

When he called for his mail at Australia House he found several hundred letters.

The only snag was that on his way over he had married a fellow passenger, and none of the offers included accommodation for a wife.

## Our cover

OUR cover is a colored photograph of Deirdre Kay Purcell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Purcell, of Narrabeen, N.S.W. Her father took the picture.

From another photograph Deirdre was judged the champion of the baby photograph competition held by the Young Continent of the Victoria League. She also won the under-nine-months section.

## Starching without tears

A MELBOURNE chemical firm has solved the problem of starching the weekly wash by inventing a permanent starch preparation.

Garments which are sprinkled with the preparation and laundered in warm, soapy water will dry starched for all time. It can be used on the most delicate materials.

The firm warns against too liberal an application. An overdose of the formula might turn a tablecloth into something resembling a sheet of prefabricated housing-board.

# WORTH Reporting

## Naked truth

MRS. PAUL FISCHER, who recently arrived in Sydney from Paris, tells us that Parisian shopkeepers were thrown into some slight panic when American occupation troops came into their shops to buy "French" swimsuits.

When they showed the soldiers the various costumes they had for sale they were mystified because the soldiers said: "Oh, no, French swimsuits don't look like that!"

We can understand the bewilderment. On the one hand the shopkeepers, with eloquent shrugs, saying: "These are made in France. How can they be anything but French bathing costumes?"

And on the other, the soldiers insisting they weren't the French swimsuits the girls were wearing back home.

Since the demand for these strange bathing suits kept persisting designers despairingly cabled their agents in America to see if they could solve the mystery.

They were relieved when the return mail brought a pattern for the abbreviated costumes which were promptly made in hundreds and sold to the new content G.I.s.

We wonder if the French will ever know that the French swimsuit was inspired by a series of pictures published by the American magazine, "Life."

These pictures were of French women sunbathing at various beaches, with the tops of their costume trunks rolled down so as to get as much sun as possible on their bodies.

## Love song, 1956

(Inspired by the P.M.G.'s promise that eventually phosphorescent ink will be used in phone books).

DARLING, when I see your number

Gleaming brightly in the book,

After you are wrapped in slumber

(With receiver off the hook),

At the dial my finger fidgets,

And I think how bright and true

Are the phosphorescent digits

For hot numbers such as you.

—DOROTHY DRAIN.

## Back from Broadway

CULTURE in Australia will never get a chance until businessmen realise the theatre provides a better investment than buying a racehorse, so actor William Rees told us.

Mr. Rees is back in Australia after 10 years on the American stage, where he played in several Broadway successes. He also appeared with the famous combination Lunt and Fontanne, in their first joint commercial broadcast of "The Guardaman."

Mr. Rees is hoping to interest more people in the Little Theatres while in Australia.

"I think it is a tragedy that the excellent repertory theatres in Australia are still having to struggle for their very existence," he said.

"American repertory theatres are all backed by wealthy businessmen, who think nothing of sinking a few thousand dollars in a promising company."

"It is considered a very good investment for most Americans realise what an international medium the theatre can be."

Mr. Rees went to America in 1936 after a number of years acting with the Independent and other Sydney theatres.

On tour with the summer theatres in 1938, Mr. Rees played the role of father to the heroine in a comedy piece, "Not For Children," which had a great success in Connecticut.

Taking the two juvenile roles were a pair of struggling young actors, Cornel Wilde and Van Johnson, who have since done so well in Hollywood.

One of his most interesting roles was that of a neurotic in a play specially written for him, "This Little Piggy Had None," which ran only three nights on Broadway.

"It was about a man obsessed with his strange appearance, and with only his belief in the Almighty to cling to. It ended up in an asylum cell," he said.

The critics thought it depressing, the audience thought it depressing, and I found it somewhat depressing, too, though whether it was the role or the fact that the play flopped I wouldn't be sure.

Broadway producers are reputedly noted for their ignorance, and Mr. Rees tells a story about one who arrived on the set of his play two weeks after rehearsals had started.

In a towering rage he stalked among the cast, demanding: "Where are the g-nomes? I only bought this play for the g-nomes."

Then catching sight of a couple of underdressed actors, dressed for the gnomes' roles, he turned on his assistant:

"What are these midgets supposed to be doing here? Get them off the stage," he shouted.

A MOTHER we know, who has two small children, recounted the conversation she had with her smallest daughter, three-year-old Kathleen, the other day.

Apparently the other daughter left her "play lunch" cake at home, and Kathleen ate it.

Mother: Why did you eat poor Agnes' cake?

Kathleen: Who told you I ate it?

Mother: A little bird.

Kathleen: WHAT bird?

Mother: The one in the tree.

Kathleen (after intense thought): Well, the frog in the washhouse told me I didn't.

## Unfair

WE have received a lengthy letter from a 14-year-old schoolboy, a pupil at the De La Salle College, Armidale, N.S.W.

The young man has a protest to make which we quote, and sympathise with.

"I don't think that the spelling rule 'i' before 'e' except after 'c' should be taught to children in primary classes.

"This rule is absolutely false, and as proof I am enclosing a list of about 80 common words which defy this rule.

"As you could hardly publish them all I would mention words like—their, neighbor, weight, helper, freight, skeln, sheik, reign. Many a weary hour have I been made to pass writing words like these in a neat never-ending line, all because I believed this untrue rule."

WHEN Sir Thomas Beecham was recently forming his new Royal Philharmonic Orchestra he was asked if he would have women in it. "I don't know," mused the famous maestro, "I find one drawback with female musicians.

"If the lady is not well-favored the male instrumentalists do not wish to play near her.

"If she is well-favored — they can't!"

## Bee in a bottle

THERE'S a story behind the bee in a flower study recently exhibited by a young Melbourne invalid artist, E. Margaret Stones.

Painting propped up in bed in hospital, with flower subject in one hand and brush in the other, Margaret was at a loss when she wanted to study a bee at close quarters for inclusion in finished portrait.

Seeking help from a small boy convalescent patient Johnny, she asked him to try to find one for her in the garden.

He soon returned with a bee in his hand, and together they encased it into a bottle.

The hospital staff provided chloroform for the "guinea pig," and Margaret was able to paint the bee's likeness in water-color before the anaesthetic wore off, and then Johnny took it back to the garden.

Margaret, who is in her early twenties, has been an invalid for sixteen months. Many of the flowers she uses as subjects have been sent to her from as far afield as Western Australia.

She is a great favorite with the doctors and nurses of the hospital, who, whenever they go away for holidays or hiking during week-ends, always bring her back any flowers they find.

## Animal Antics



"Ever since he played in that jungle picture you can't get him out of the spotlight at any price!"

## Adoption scheme

MRS. ELEANOR ROOSEVELT, mother of five children and grandmother of eleven, has added another child to this already large family.

Our New York correspondent cables us that the new member of the family is six-year-old Christiane Berthelot, who is living with her two brothers and four sisters at an orphanage at Nantes, in France.

Mrs. Roosevelt has adopted Christiane through the New York organisation, Friends of Widows and Orphans of the French Resistance, of which she is an original member.

Every month she sends 250g. of food and additional parcels of clothing to Christiane.

Mrs. Roosevelt is one of the 300 foster-parents who have adopted children through this organisation.

A New York woman, Mrs. Robin McKown, chairman of the movement, still has 2000 orphans on her list. She is trying to interest big firms in making group adoptions.

The staff of the Book of the Month Club has adopted 80 children, and everyone contributes to their support.

President of the French branch of this organisation is Madame Mathilde Peri, wife of the former editor of the newspaper L'Humanite, who was shot by the Nazis.

The movement was formed by all the people who met in the cemetery of Ivry, outside Paris, for the burial of executed Resistance fighters.

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when you find out  
what tests have proved



Pepsodent with Irium  
makes teeth far brighter

You're sure to find new brightness in your teeth... new sparkle in your smile this easy way! Tests prove in just one week Pepsodent with Irium makes teeth far brighter. You see, Pepsodent — and only Pepsodent — contains Irium — the exclusive, patented cleansing ingredient. And Pepsodent with Irium removes the dingy film... floats it away quickly, easily, safely. In a moment your teeth feel cleaner... in just one week they look far brighter!



For the safety of your smile — use Pepsodent twice a day... see your dentist twice a year.

## THE LITTLE SCOUTS







**TIME FOR LUNCH.** Robin Stanton and John Verge have their lunch the easy way after a dip at Palm Beach. Robin holidays with her mother, Mrs. John Stanton, at her Palm Beach home.



**FAMILY GROUP.** The Percy Spenders relax during holiday time at their Palm Beach home. Son John is photographed with his parents, but Peter was still deep in the breakers when photo was taken.

## Palm Beach Greetings

**BRILLIANT** sunshine and tempting, sparkling surf greet holiday-makers as they flock away from hot cities for few days, weeks, or months, as the case may be, and become "lotus eaters."

Palm Beach season is "on again" as houses near the sea, on the Pittwater side, and those perched high in the hills overlooking the improbable blue seas and old Barrenjoey are filled to overflowing.

**SOCIAL** life is a leisured one there... a few brave the crashing early morning surf. For the masses of holiday makers a late rise, "brunch," sunbake on the golden sand, a stimulating surf before a snack at lunch-time followed by an afternoon siesta, or should I say snooze in the Australian vernacular, is the way of life.

**PALM BEACH "cocktail hour"**... is in reality just a few friends dropping in—still clad in their beach array—for a quiet noggin and gossip at sundown followed by dinner and an early night to get ready for the "arenuous" day of relaxation to come!

**CHRISTMAS** and New Year are gay times... the Palm Beach Surf Life Saving Club have cracker party on Boxing Day and this New Year's Eve issue invitations for their annual party at the club house.

**SO** many people making permanent home at Palm Beach now that residents fall into two groups—the "natives" and seasonal holiday-makers.

**YOU** can tell a "native" by the depth of his tan. Natives have it all over city slickers on the sun-baking front... However, Phyl and John Lewis will fool you... they're permanent residents but are not addicted to the beach and stay in their "ivory tower" in their hillside home.

**YOUNGER** fry at Palm Beach have a much more hectic life than their elders... for the under-teenagers life is one gay round of picnics, paddling on the water's front, luncheon parties—meringues and hundreds and thousands usually follow the spinach course—and unlike adult castles in the air the children's castles in the sand are a reality.

**CALL** in to see the Percy Spender family, and find friend Percy doing a spot of koala watching... The koala, a fat old matron, is feeling the heat, and has picked out a luscious gum tree where she gets a faint breeze from the sea... Mrs. Spender has garden looking trim.

*Goyce*



**CANDID CAMERA** shooting by Alastair Stephen when he and his wife and young daughter Sophia are guests at Palm Beach of Mrs. Peter Russo (right). Mrs. Russo, formerly artist Mitty Lee Brown, spends holiday painting at her home high above the sea.



**GATHERING FLOWERS** from her lonely garden, Doris Hill gets brother Rod to give her a hand as she picks blooms for New Year decoration at her home on "Pill Hill," Palm Beach.



**PROUDLY CLUTCHING** their surf-o-planes Adrienne Hill and Caroline Graham are having a wonderful time at the beach. Mrs. "Chip" Hill (left), of Colley Plains, Quirindi, and sister Mrs. Francis Graham, are sharing a house over Christmas and January.



**PICTURE OF A gentleman** saying "Cheese!" Young Anthony Jensen is so camera conscious that he automatically says "cheese" when he's snapped. Sheila Smart (left), Johnny Hawkes, and Anthony's mother, Josie Jensen, sunbake at Palm Beach.



**MOVING DAY.** Mrs. Bruce McWilliam (right) enlists the help of Mrs. Ruth Baynes when she and Bruce move into their new home in Pacific Road, Palm Beach. House is perched high on the hill and has grand view.





*The*  
**HELPING  
HAND...**

RED CROSS AID brings to the Serviceman NEW HOPE and FRESH STRENGTH to win back to a full and happy life . . .

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JOIN IN the good work being carried out by RED CROSS and help the Disabled Serviceman in his rehabilitation, whether it be in his daily work, in his business or in his community life . . .

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**HELP  
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BY HELPING  
THE DISABLED  
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**AUSTRALIAN RED CROSS SOCIETY**



# As I Read the STARS by JUNE MARSDEN

THE New Year starts off well for Scorpions, Capricornians, Virgoans, Taurians, and Pisceans, with special promise for those born between the 9th and 19th in these signs.

They should seek progress and happiness, but Librans, Arians, and Capricornians should start the year with caution and avoid upsets.

## The Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological review for the week:

**ARIES** (March 21 to April 21): Live quietly and dodge discord, especially on Dec. 31, Jan. 1, 2 (to 2 p.m.), and 7. Guard against change, important decisions, and contracts.

**TAURUS** (April 21 to May 21): A favorable period is promised, so make good use of Jan. 2 (to 10 p.m.), 3 (to 1 p.m.), and 4 (early). Jan. 7 very helpful.

**GEMINI** (May 21 to June 21): Keep to routine tasks now, but plan for good breaks ahead. Meanwhile, Dec. 31 (early) poor, Jan. 4 and 5 fair.

**CANCER** (June 21 to July 21): Beware of extra of every kind now, especially decisions and discord. Worst days Dec. 11, Jan. 1, 2, and 3. Routine work best.

**LEO** (July 21 to August 21): Minor difficulties can prove annoying now, particularly regarding romance, finances, and health. Be cautious though Dec. 31, Jan. 1 and 2 can prove helpful for some.

**VIRGO** (August 21 to Sept. 21): Work

hard now, for advancement and favors

ask your wife Jan. 2 (after midday),

3 (to noon), and 7 very helpful. Jan.

4 and 5 poor.

**LIBRA** (Sept. 21 to Oct. 21): Emigration

and patience are required now, for some

series persist. Dec. 31, Jan. 1, 2, and 7

all very poor. Keep to routine tasks.

**SCORPIO** (Oct. 21 to Nov. 21): A mixed

week, requiring some caution and patience.

Jan. 2, 3, and 4 mildly upsetting; 7 very

fair for semi-important matters.

**SAGITTARIUS** (Nov. 21 to Dec. 21):

Dec. 31 (late), Jan. 1 and 2 (early) can

be modestly helpful, but avoid risky ven-

tures or over-confidence on Jan. 3 and 6.

**CAPRICORN** (Dec. 21 to Jan. 21): Work

hard now, for opportunities come your way.

Jan. 1 and 2 (to noon) poor, but 2 (after

midday), 3 (to 10 p.m.), and 4 (to 8 a.m.)

very helpful.

**AQUARIUS** (Jan. 21 to Feb. 19): Plan

ahead for good weeks come soon. Mean-

while, Jan. 2 (late), 3, and 4 (early) poor;

5 and 6 very fair for minor matters.

**PISCES** (Feb. 19 to March 21): Avoid

wet-confidence now, though Dec. 31 (to

3 a.m.), Jan. 2, 4, and 7 can prove

favorable for most Pisceans. Utilize these

days for minor matters.

The Australian Women's Weekly presents

this astrological diary as a matter of

interest, without accepting responsibility

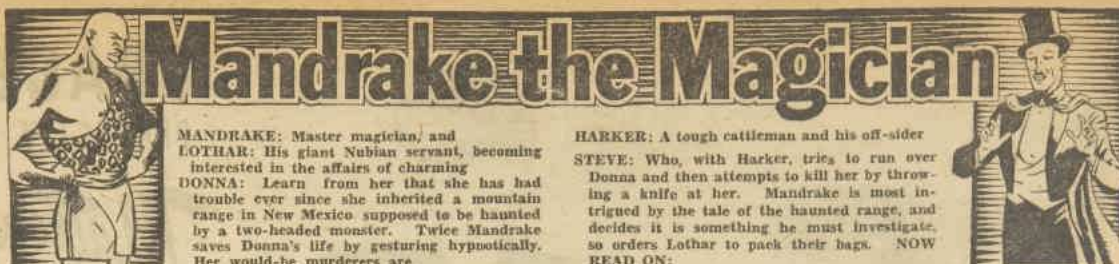
for the statements contained in it. Jane

Harden regrets that she is unable to

answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]

## Your Coupons

TEA: Black, 1-4 (5-8 available Jan. 6).  
BUTTER: Black and green, 1-3 (10th Jan. 5).  
SUGAR: 51 and 53.  
MEAT: Black 1-7 (expire Jan. 2).  
Green 1-5 (expire Jan. 5).  
CLOTHING: 257-112, yellow coupons 1-56.



**MANDRAKE:** Master magician, and **LOTTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, becoming interested in the affairs of charming **DONNA:** Learn from her that she has had trouble ever since she inherited a mountain range in New Mexico, supposed to be haunted by a two-headed monster. Twice Mandrake saves Donna's life by gesturing hypnotically. Her would-be murderers are

**HARKER:** A tough cattleman and his off-sider **STEVE:** Who, with Harker, tries to run over Donna and then attempts to kill her by throwing a knife at her. Mandrake is most intrigued by the tale of the haunted range, and decides it is something he must investigate, so orders Lotthar to pack their bags. **NOW READ ON:**



**M**ANDRAKE ARRIVES AT DONNA'S NEW MEXICO RANCH TO INVESTIGATE THE "HAUNTED RANGE" AND THE FABULOUS TWO-HEADED MONSTER!



I STILL WANT TO BUY THE RANGE, DONNA, EVEN IF IT IS HAUNTED.



I STILL DON'T BELIEVE IT'S HAUNTED AND I STILL DON'T WANT TO SELL IT, MR. HARKER!



YOU'D BETTER CHANGE THOSE DUDS, GREENHORN. THEY WON'T LAST LONG OUT HERE.

MAYBE NOT, HARKER, BUT I WOULDN'T FEEL NATURAL DRESSED ANY OTHER WAY.



WELL, TENDERFOOT, I'LL BET YOU TEN BUCKS TO FIVE YOU CAN'T LAST AS LONG AS I CAN ON WILDCAT, BUT—MAYBE YOU'RE SCARED TO—

YOU'RE ON.

DON'T BE SILLY, MANDRAKE! WILDCAT IS THE WORST BRONC ON THE RANGE!



YIPPEE!



FOUR MINUTES! BEAT THAT!



**M**ANDRAKE LEAPS ON WILDCAT, GESTURES—AND THE "WORST BRONC" RISES A FEW FEET OFF THE GROUND INTO THE AIR.



HOW LONG DO I HAVE TO STAY ON? I'VE BEEN UP HERE HALF AN HOUR ALREADY!

WHAT THE—!

To be continued



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## Matrons Fashions

CLEVERLY CUT TO SLIM

FULLER FIGURES!



92%  
MQ1WW

MQ2WW  
60%



ME3 WW  
59%  
59%  
59%

### MAIL ORDERS ONLY



49%  
ME5WW

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ME4WW

MQ1WW.—Softly featured and exquisitely styled—this Casual Box Coat in winter-weight all-wool coating. With welted back panels, revers, and attractive pockets adorned with fancy stitching, three button fastening, these coats come in New Beige, Brown, Blue, or Grey. Sizes: W, SOS, OS, XOS, XXXOS. Please make a second colour choice. 80/- and 14 eps.

ME3WW.—Stylish for discerning matrons, this frock of Crepe Pontaine features a vest effect, with tasteful self-trimming, an unbroken waistline, and a gored skirt—all blended in flatter fuller figures. In Black or Navy, this frock is available in W, SOS, OS, XOS, XXXOS. XXXOS fittings, priced at . . . 59/11 and 13 eps.

ME4WW.—Floral Washable Cotton Frock in a range of attractive designs, small and large, fashioned into splendid frocks, cut on tailored lines, with shirtmaker neck, finished with contrast piping on sleeves and pocket. Washable, practical! In Rose, Green, Sage, Red, or Navy. Sizes: W, SOS, OS, XOS, for . . . 29/11 and 13 eps.

ME5WW.—British Rayon, printed in a large range of designs and colours, made into a charming frock with shirtmaker neckline, pleasing yoke effect with self-pleating and a figure-flattering gored skirt. In W, SOS, OS, XOS, XXXOS, for . . . 49/11 and 13 eps.

ME6WW.—Another flattering style for larger figures, in floral Crepe de Chine from the Continent, in many designs and colours. The style highlights the cross-over front with fulness of bodice. Skirt is gored, waist has belt at the back. In SOS, OS, XOS, XXXOS, for . . . 59/- and 13 eps.

ME7WW.—Yet another winner for the not-so-slim—Rayon Crepe in a 'tween seasons weight is the material, an embroidered shoulder line with self-trimming, an unbroken waist line, nicely gored skirt are points of note when you consider the style. In Black, Navy, or Brown, in SOS, OS, XOS, XXXOS, this frock is priced at . . . 59/11 and 13 eps.



ME6 WW  
90%  
90%  
90%

ME7 WW  
59%  
59%  
59%

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## LORNA

Tim knew that this was only half listening to her. She knew that she wouldn't remember what she'd said; that if she were late, he'd worry. She smiled and shook her head. Tim could be so wonderful about some things and so exasperating about others.

At seven o'clock that night she drove reluctantly up the wide avenue that climbed the hill. She did not like going to the hospital. It always upset her.

To-night she was upset to begin with. She had got through the tea with more despatch than pleasure, had dashed home and dashed out again after a hasty change. Lorna hated dressing like that. It always left her with a flung-together feeling.

She glanced at her watch and saw that she was a few minutes early. That was good. It gave her time to settle her mind, a few minutes to enjoy the silence of evening.

The dusk was soft scented, a lovely thing of pale stars and hyacinths blooming somewhere in the darkening garden. Lorna swung the car into the parking space in front of the hospital, switched off the ignition and waited.

There was no need to go in. Tim would see from the window that she was there. She leaned her head back, watching the evening star sparkling above the last pale western light. It was quiet and she was tired.

Presently Tim would be there, with a sound of footsteps grinding on gravel. Their voices would say the usual things and they would drive off to the Camerons' big white house. Here there would be talk, some good, some dull, across the dinner table, and later in the living room more talk stirring the smoky air and people laughing with a warm sound.

She was aware of the gardens stretching away on either side of the parking space; aware of them through the strong scent of hyacinth and soft, dark earth. She had seen them so many times. Bright in mid-summer, brown in autumn, occasionally white in winter.

The thought of the gardens allied her with a heavy sadness. They were too clean, too orderly, like the low brick cottages that surrounded them, and the trim green lawns, and the nurses and the doctors and everything.

Everything and everyone but the untidy, vacant-eyed patients who looked daily upon all this perfection and were not healed.

You shouldn't come here, she thought. It always upsets you. She closed her eyes for a moment and when she opened them again the pale western light seemed to have faded almost completely, and over her shoulder she could feel the blackness of the night coming across the sky.

Then she heard the door to the hospital open and shut, and saw a man coming down the steps, walking across the big drive. Footsteps on the gravel. But not Tim. He was not so tall as Tim. She could not tell, in the dusky light, who it was.

He walked to a sports car a short distance away, got in, alighted the door, and started the engine.

Who was it? she thought. I know them all. The car backed out of the parking space, headlights burning with a

white light. It swung in a backward arc and the headlights burst into Lorna's face like a firework.

She lowered her face. For a moment she was impaled upon the bright light, as though the driver were studying her face. Then the light moved and the car moved, sweeping down the drive in a nasty whirlpool of sound.

When it was gone it left darkness. The evening star sparkled brightly, but the pale golden avenue of light and the setting sun were gone. The night had come and her head jangled from the bright lights, and she was cold with a black night cold.

She opened her handbag and took out a cigarette and lit it. The sharpness of smoke in her throat took away that sensation of black smoothness, and the red glowing tip was a warmth in the darkness.

From one of the cottages across the wide lawn she heard a door slam and the scrape of a chair through the wired-in window. After a moment of silence she heard the sound of a woman crying in heart-break, repeating words over and over again.

The words came to Lorna at last, drifting across the darkness on the soft breeze.

"My baby! My baby! My baby! My baby!"

All the blood in Lorna pounded upwards into her head, pounded against her skull, the pain of its pressure intolerable. Her body had gone cold and rigid. The blood in her head pounded out the beat of those two words: "My baby! My baby!"

The sharpness in her throat began to turn into a scream of agonised memory. Then a rectangle of light showed on the porch and a nurse's voice spoke pleasantly. The crying stopped, and in a moment the nurse and the patient were gone, leaving the scream frozen in Lorna's throat.

My baby! A little girl. Two years ago. A baby daughter who had died at birth.

They said that Lorna must not brood. They said there would be another baby when she was stronger. They said she must try to forget. And she had tried. But what is forgetting when in a moment like this it is all swept back across the senses, across the heart and mind and soul, as though it had happened just yesterday?

She moved her eyes and saw the cigarette between her fingers. She flipped it out of the window, a casual movement, yet beneath that casual movement an endless set of dangerous forces had begun to turn.

The sadness of living came over Lorna with pain. And with it a sense of the evil of the earth from which sadness springs as fruit from a dark tree.

That sense of evil held her as though it stood near her in the black night, and she felt that it was round her, invisible, unnamed. . . that it was in the dark figure of that man, in the scalding of bright light, in the heartbroken crying of a woman who had gone insane. . .

Suddenly there were footsteps on the gravel and she saw Tim crossing the parking space towards the car. Every angle of his figure was familiar and loved, and it seemed to

## Flowers from a Stranger

Continued from page 3

Lorna he was driving sadness and evil from her with every forward step. He was smiling sheepishly because he was late. Lorna laughed aloud as the reality of her life flowed back into her body with warmth. It was good to have Tim.

Together, they had made a life finer and richer than any life that either of them could have made alone. Together, they had blended their tastes, humors, life patterns until they had achieved a happiness which neither of them could have found alone or with another.

It was strange, Lorna often thought, for they had come together from such diverse and conflicting backgrounds.

He came round the back of the car and climbed into the driver's seat. He did not say hello. He took her in his arms and kissed her, as though he had been thinking about and needing the kiss for hours. Lorna caught his mood quickly, as she felt the warmth of his face and his large fingers touching her cheek with gentleness.

Tim. . . His name meant this to her.

Even in this perfect moment she caught the faint hospital smell from his clothes and it set them apart.

For eternally Tim was the doctor, the wise, gentle, probing psychiatrist; the tall, young man with the

quiet dark eyes who knew so much and said so little.

He was the man who pitied the twisted dreams of men; who sought within men their own inner strength and coaxed them to use it against the intolerable tragedies of living.

And always Lorna was the woman crying in the darkness, the one whom tragedy had touched; the one who knew the sadness and the evil, and knew that she trusted no strength; not her own, nor that of others.

Tim felt the change in her, felt her draw away inside herself. He lifted his head and looked at her face searchingly.

"What is it, darling?" he asked. "Nothing!" She said it in a bright tone, laughing softly. "You're undisturbing my hair."

It was not that, he knew, yet he caught at the light mood because he needed it. He laughed with her, then turned back to the wheel and started the car.

Tim said with teasing contempt, "Don't you know that you can't impress the Camerons' guest of honor? He's a great neuro-psychiatrist, Paul Nestri is, with a list of letters after his name. Besides, he's a woman hater!"

"Ha, ha!" Lorna jeered. "Breathes there a man so vulnerable as a woman hater? In fact, I must admit I'm really sceptical of the existence of women haters. How old is the great Dr. Nestri?"

Tim did not answer for a couple of seconds, then he said, "Oh, fifty-odd. I was just going to say he was a bachelor, then I remembered that James Dennison told me he was a widower. Lost his wife years ago. He's had a bad time of it."

"From rags to riches?"

"Not. From a Nazi concentration camp."

"Oh!" Lorna was sobered.

"He left the hospital just a few minutes ago," Tim said. "Didn't you see him?"

"Does he drive a sports car?"

"Yes. That was Nestri."

That was Nestri. That man in the darkness who had impaled her upon the searching brightness of his headlights, who had become, unwittingly, part of a deep sense of evil and sadness in Lorna.

Evil and sadness. . . the concentration camp. . . the wife who had died years ago. Perhaps in her detachment of that moment she had received something from the dark figure whose face she could not see, some electronic recognition between two people whom tragedy had touched. Tim talked of such things.

They drove down the wide hospital drive and for several minutes neither of them spoke. Then Lorna, though sorry he had brought up a serious subject, said lightly: "Leslie Cameron said to-day that Marion LeRoy would be there to-night. Do you know her? She's a harpist."

Please turn to page 20

## What's on your mind?

### Australia is little known to Malaysians

WHEN I mentioned Australia to a friend the other day he said inquiringly, "Australia?", thus betraying his ignorance of that vast continent. I think he represents quite a number of people in Malaya who know very little about Australia.

Friends in Australia have been sending me papers and magazines for the past few months, so that I have gained a little more knowledge of that country than I read in out-of-date school textbooks years ago.

If more Australians send papers, periodicals, and books to Malaya, then only will we stop thinking of England as the only important place on this globe.

To many here Australia is only a word on labels of tinned provisions, or it reminds them of butter, wool, kangaroos.

We want you all to make your country known to us here in South-east Asia so that we can look to Australia not only as our nearest friend but as our guide in commerce, trade, industry, and education.

5/- to Tan bin Hussain, Ipoh, Malaya.

### Weight causes waiting

WE have been waiting for corrugated cement or iron sheets for a house in the country. The framework has been standing forlornly since last May. When will someone manufacture plastic tiles, slates, or roofing sheets which will be less weighty and so more easily carted to the country?

5/- to Mrs. Peggy O'Connell, 67 Queen's Road, Melbourne.

### Commemorative stamps

HOW many of your readers save all the used commemorative stamps as they are issued instead of throwing them away? As there is only a limited number printed of each issue and there are many enthusiastic collectors in every country, why waste them? I for one would always be interested in making an exchange of stamps.

5/- to Percival A. Court, 6 Church St., Torre, Torquay, South Devon, England.

READERS are invited to write to this column, expressing their opinions on current events. Address your letters, which should not exceed 250 words in length, to "What's On Your Mind?" c/o The Australian Women's Weekly, at the address given at the top of page 4. All letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, and only in exceptional circumstances will letters be published above pseudonyms. Payment of £1 will be made for first letter used, and 5/- for others. The editor cannot enter into any correspondence with writers in this column, and unused letters cannot be returned. Letters published do not necessarily express the views of The Australian Women's Weekly.

### Meagre wrapping

WITH reference to French swimsuits, it seems to me that one generally wraps a valuable parcel well. A thing that is obvious is never wanted—even gold and diamonds if slung around free would be quite valueless.

5/- to Mrs. Jim Howard, Deep Dale, Bullbrook, W.A.

### Making feathers fly

WHEN making down quilts manufacturers should put a double casing, because after a few weeks the feathers begin to fly in every direction.

5/- to Helen Gould, Ocean Beach, via Woy Woy, N.S.W.



increasing flocks until there are very few left. Meanwhile one has to chase them with broom and dustpan.

5/- to Helen Gould, Ocean Beach, via Woy Woy, N.S.W.

### Culture or clothes

WHEN is the average woman of to-day going to become as conscious of culture as she is of dress? Her conversation turns invariably to the latest fashions. Change the subject to a discussion of good books or a fine painting and her reaction is boredom. Where is the average woman who would sacrifice the price of a new dress to buy herself, or her child a book or painting?

It may be too late to redeem the present generation, but perhaps we can prevent our children from being equally uncultured by interesting them in books, music, and paintings. 5/- to Mrs. Laura Martin, Bell St., Chinchilla, Qld.

### Use for lawyer vines

THE absence of clothes baskets for sale is still very noticeable, and housewives are having to make do with all sorts of substitutes, while here in North Queensland there are thousands of acres of lawyer-cane vine growing in the scrub, which makes wonderful baskets.

When I lived on the Atherton Tableland the old Chinese there used to make these baskets from this cane and sell them at a low cost.

5/- to Mrs. M. M. Ward, Blue Mt., Sarina, Qld.

### Houses of duck

IN parts of the U.S.A. "cotton" houses have been introduced. They are built of plywood and covered with duck. The duck is glued on with a fire-resisting compound, then nailed at the seams. Two houses built five years ago have stood all tests of severe weather, and only need a new coat of paint. A five-roomed house costs less than £500.

These houses are warmer in winter and cooler in summer than comparable houses of several more commonly used materials. If we could build something like this it would relieve the housing shortage.

5/- to Miss N. Urwin, Robert St., Croydon, S.A.

### The enemy within

RATS are reported to be reaching plague proportions in Melbourne and Sydney. Many cases of rat-typus have been reported, yet little appears to have been done to control the pest.

Social welfare and progress associations here should bring pressure to bear on the authorities to have more done.

5/- to "Anti-germ," Northcote South, Melbourne.

### Mothers in a stew

WHY all this fuss about child psychology? Surely if a woman is still young enough to have a baby her own childhood can't be so far back that she has forgotten what she liked and disliked. She must remember what made her a good little girl and what turned her into a little devil, and deal with her own children accordingly. All this talk about child complexes and so on only gets most mothers into a stew.

5/- to Mrs. J. Coulter, 93 Merriwa St., Nedlands, W.A.

## "BE BEAUTIFUL"

LEARN how to make the most of yourself from "Be Beautiful," beauty book by Jean Cleland, published by Consolidated Press for The Australian Women's Weekly. To obtain a copy fill in the coupon below and post with postal note for 6/6 to The Australian Women's Weekly, Castlereagh St., Sydney. . . we'll send you a copy of "Be Beautiful" POST FREE.

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Please send me a copy of "Be Beautiful," by Jean Cleland, post free, to the address below. I am enclosing a postal note for 6/6.

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SHOWMAN. Swing-drummer Jerry Sayer warms up. Like most drummers, when he goes to town Jerry puts on a one-man show.



BAND-LEADER BOB GIBSON takes his sax section through a new arrangement. Pam Corrigan is vocalist. Leaders choose arrangements, allot solos, direct presentation. Most to-day are virtuoso-leaders.



FRANK COGHLAN and his sax men get in the groove at morning rehearsal. Players get a lot of fun out of hot, fumpy numbers, but play about 75 per cent. quicksteps and slow foxtrots at night.

# WHEN THE BAND PLAYS

Dance music innovation causes controversy among players

By AINSLIE BAKER

Anyone who thinks that there's nothing new under the sun hasn't heard Be-bop. It's the new sort of music originated by American trumpeter Dizzy Gillespie.

To say that it has created something of a sensation in the States is to put it mildly — and there's nothing mild about Be-bop.

ITS supporters claim that it's going to be as revolutionary as jazz in the early nineteen hundreds and swing in the middle 'thirties.

They say its strange chord sequences make exciting listening, electrifying dancing.

Its detractors say it's hepcat music, a crazy novelty that will wear itself out in due course—the sooner the better.

The general public in Australia has had little or no chance to hear Be-bop yet in its original form. Most of the recordings that have so far come into the country are in the possession of private collectors.

Shield and standard bearer of Be-bop here is band-leader Wally Norman. He thinks that it's the biggest thing that has happened since "swing" something right off this planet.

But he thinks that it will be all of

five years until it is generally accepted as "swing" is to-day.

Wally explains that while jazz is an embellishment on the melody, "swing" an embellishment on chords, Be-bop is an embellishment off the chords.

He and those who think like him applaud it as progressive music, and liken it to impressionism in painting.

To elaborate a little further, Jim Bradley, "Music-Maker's" editor, in a recent talk on Be-bop in the A.B.C.'s Swing Session, defined it as "a rough, edgy type of agitated jazz."

Well-known dance band leader Bob Gibson, of Melbourne, says he is not particularly impressed with Be-bop.

"It will have its special devotees like jive and boogie-woogie, but I can't see it becoming universally popular," he said.

"For one thing, the majority of people without musical knowledge would not recognise Be-bop when they heard it," he explained.

"Its usefulness is rather as a medium of expression for musicians. At times I found myself unconsciously using Be-bop phrases in some of my own arrangements.

"But I don't look on it as a new departure in dance music. We have been playing Be-bop in that form for years," he added.

Bob considers the post-war trend in dance music is for a sweeter, softer type as a reaction against a period of boisterous themes.

He also sees a definite lean to the development of the symphonic style. "To-day music must be arranged thoroughly, but in simple form," he stressed.

Just as no one knew exactly what to call jazz at first, and called it for some years jazz, there is a certain amount of uncertainty about Be-bop.

Such authorities as "Downbeat" and "Metronome," American swing magazines, differ on the subject, one calling it Be-bop and the other Re-bop.

Some say Be-bop got that name because it deserved nothing better. Others claim that its originator, Dizzy Gillespie, in his new style, ends on two quavers that make the sound of Be-bop.

That seems to be as good an explanation as any other.

Already you hear talk of Be-bop in the half-lighted ballrooms where swing bands are rehearsing amid clouds of cigarette smoke and the good-humoured ribbing that musicians like to indulge in when they aren't playing.

"Where's my mute?" a sax man will complain to the world in general. "I can't do a thing without it."

"And you can't do a thing with it," someone will crack back.

In the relaxed, informal air of rehearsal, players like to call each other maestro and professor.

No one tries to put on an act or talk about "my art." They know what would be coming to them if they did.

Dance band players aren't albatrosses, satanic, or fancy shoe-wearers. They look in as good physical shape as any group you'd find—lean and bronzed.

When they aren't playing or rehearsing you'll find them surfing, golfing, or pushing a lawn-mower. Many dance band players are family men.

Among them are classical pianists who've taken the swing turning; sax players who've graduated from up-country two-piece bands; and the true jazz fanatics who believe that if they keep on digging righteous jazz they'll eventually end up in a heaven presided over by Eddie Condon and Duke Ellington.



REHEARSAL ATMOSPHERE. Detour

A few players talk about getting away overseas, but very few do anything about it. The game's too hot over there. You have to be born into it and grow up with it.

The ones who talk know that they're better off where they are, and when they feel the nag of an old ambition they gather three or four kindred spirits and work it off in a jam session.

Those who sat in on it still talk with ecstasy about a Sydney jam session that started off spontaneously after half the band had packed up one night—and wound up at 5 o'clock the next morning.

Band leaders point out that the day of the hard-drinking, hard-living dance band musician is gone forever.

Intricate arrangements and the quick-thinking and concentration needed to present something like 12 new numbers a month, apart from specialty numbers, have finally killed that old tradition.

Working usually without contracts, dance band musicians work something like 30 hours a week, and make from £10 to £15, apart from any work they might pick up on the side.

Capable players do quite well with radio work and recordings.

They have about them a uniform air of lauteness, confidence, and toughness that makes you wonder where the very young men are, and the old men. Actually the average

## First Convention

AUSTRALIA'S first Jazz Convention concluded in Melbourne this week. Alma Hubner, jazz-enthusiast daughter of the Chilean Consul in Australia, was active on the organising committee and went down from Canberra to be present.

Such well-known combinations as the Southern Jazz Group (Adelaide), Graeme Bell's Dixieland Band (Melbourne), as well as bands from Hobart and Geelong, attended the conference.



# BE-BOP, CAN YOU TELL?



At breaks, musicians smoke, pull gaps, slam each other's technique, make odd noises on their instruments, whistle, or sing.

up of a dance band player to-day is in the late twenties.

There's nothing to stop them going on playing for up to 30 years. In the States most of the really fine players are men well into their middle age.

These men, through the nature of their work, don't always last so long. They tell you that the missing ones are those of the very young and old, are to be found in the suburbs, at the holiday resorts out of town, and at the Saturday night road-houses.

They're the ones who are either on the way up or on the way down.

With the exception of brass men, most players these days can double as two or more instruments, giving such combinations as sax, flute, and clarinet or perhaps violin, trumpet, and sax.

## How they began

LIKE most people in show business, dance band players are competitive folk.

One of the most generally accepted superstitions is that it's bad luck for the whole personnel of a band to be photographed together. It means the band's going to break.

It would be hard to put your finger on a man playing to-day who can look back to the time when he was saving from his pay envelope to buy a better instrument, listening to the good bands on records, getting up early on Saturday mornings to read the engagements offered that night.

That's the way most of them started, feeling their way into the show business while they held down jobs in the daytime.

Experts name as Australian bands most approaching world-class are Gheen's outfit in Melbourne; Frank Coghlan's and Wally Norman's in Sydney; and the super-rare, seldom-heard three-piece combination of Lal Kuring, swing leader; Lou Luparno, piano accompanist; and Johnny Whitem, electric guitar.

The personnel of Australian bands,

though less subject to change than that of big overseas bands, seldom remains static. Players frequently move in or out.

A man who has been in the same band for two years is regarded as an old-timer.

Small combinations specialising in "hot" or real jazz are virtually unknown in this country.

Musicians who like to play hot take it out of their system by getting together outside working hours and getting in the groove.

Musicians agree that Melbourne is the most jazz-minded city of the Commonwealth. You find the best collection of classic jazz records there, and the best-informed enthusiasts.

Allan Toohey, whose radio sessions of modern music are regarded by enthusiasts as the best of their kind in this country, points out that modern music for dancing as we know it here falls into three classes—swing, sweet and conversation music.

"The last-named has been evolved as the answer to the need of night-club managements to provide soft, reasonably rhythmic, and never obtrusive dance music as a background against which their patrons can talk," he said.

An interesting point is made by Frank Coghlan. He says: "No dance band player can be really good unless he likes the people he's playing to."

Only big money can hold together a really good swing band, and where there isn't the money this degenerates into sweet and corn.

Some top swing bands might rehearse for three hours twice weekly. Others often or less often. It's again a matter of money.

Pick-up bands rehearse when and where they can.

They really sweat it out at rehearsal. Behind the free and easy relaxed playing that marks a first-rate commercial swing band are hours and hours of exacting and disciplined work.

"Suck those accents right on the nose," begs the band leader. "And

a shot note at the end . . .

"Give me a solid four and some drum rimshots . . ."

It doesn't make sense according to any English dictionary. It isn't even the talk of the juke box bobbysockers.

It's the talk of swing musicians when they've got their coats off and at 11 in the morning are rehearsing in some dimly-lit ballroom.

When you hear it translated into sound it makes the kind of sense that holds people ten-deep round the bandstand.



STYLIST. Frank Coghlan's double-bass player, Reg Robinson, is happy in his work. Most dance-band players are. Moments like this abound at rehearsal.



BE-BOP ENTHUSIAST Wally Norman marks music, while Buddy Morley, impersonator, runs through his act. Wally leads eight-piece band, is fine trumpeter. Claims Be-bop demands greater technique, more brilliant minds in arranging.



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# Flowers from a Stranger

Continued from page 17

LORNA said with quick pleasure, "I certainly know Marion LeRoy. She's very famous! I heard her play the last time I was staying with your mother. Oh, Tim, I'm so glad we're going to-night!"

Tim looked at her searchingly. "You sound as though you had been feeling slightly imprisoned," he said in a tone more flippant than his words.

"Oh, Tim, not at all!" she answered quickly—too quickly.

Her blue eyes met his with a reassuring directness. For a moment he had a vision of Lorna as she had been when they first met. She had seemed almost older then, seven years ago, than she was now; older in the tired bright way of people who are leading exciting lives.

Both she and her father had had the stamp of people who had seen too many countries and met too many people—to a point of dullness, where they might stare at a snow-capped mountain and forget, for a moment, whether they were in Switzerland or South Africa.

The luxury liner where Tim had first met Lorna had seemed a perfect setting for her—rich food, soft music, dancing in the moonlight, all the glamor and elegance that money could buy, travelling, meeting people, speaking their languages, knowing their countries, their customs, and traditions.

He wondered often, as now, if she did not find her life with him here stiflingly dull.

He said uncertainly, "I thought perhaps you might not have been getting out enough. I've been so busy lately."

"I haven't forgotten our agreement that I must get out a bit . . . with you or without you. As a matter of fact, I've really been having a very good time."

"Not analysing Haydn, I hope," he said.

Lorna laughed.

"No, although I wish you knew what fun it really is to analyse Haydn. Or Mozart, or Brahms! No, I've been quite gay and suburban. The matinee in town with the girls last Wednesday, remember, and bridge at Evelyn's on Saturday evening. And shopping. And I walk a lot."

"And analyse Haydn," Tim persisted.

"All right, then!" she laughed. "And something else, Tim. I'm composing again."

"I love to hear you prattle on about your music," he said. "The words don't mean a thing to someone whose top performance is Chopsticks with two hands. But people who talk about music use the loveliest words, like: jubilant and superfluous and pianissimo. I like pianissimo best of all."

She shook her head at him to indicate that he was hopeless, but she was smiling. Lorna did not take herself too seriously, either. Tim thought sometimes that if she did she might be a great concert pianist. To his way of thinking, that might make a lot of people happy, but not himself and not Lorna.

As it was, Lorna Baylor did a great deal with her music here. She was generous with recitals for different charities and the High School Scholarship Fund. She often coached the High School Band.

Tim's days were spent with neurotic people whose minds were black oceans of horror in which the spirit had lost its way. His work was charting these oceans, discovering

the reefs and whirlpools and doldrums of human thought; setting back upon a true course those who lost their way in fear and shock and overpowering struggle.

It was important work, he knew. Sometimes he secretly agreed with those who prated about the new horizons and the new pioneers in science and thought.

Often, though, he was discouraged by the limitlessness of this horizon, these dark seas, depressed by the realisation of how little had been charted in the past millennium, how many slipped from his hands, lost creatures, the living dead.

Lorna was his own secret shining beacon. Her sense of humor, her loveliness, the steady way in which her mind seemed to work out the little kinks of daily living, and the flashes of unexpected little-girl eagerness with which she met a friend or lifted her face for his kiss.

His dark eyes softened with the thought of what her love meant to him. He needed Lorna more than he had ever needed anything in life; because she was the only woman he had ever loved, and he could never having had Lorna, love any other woman.

He had never been able to put his need for her into words. But it was expressed in his anxiety to make her life with him perfect.

It was in his jealousy of the gay, glamorous life she had left to marry him. It was in his fear that some day she might grow tired of her lonely, monotonous life and leave him; his fear that if she should leave him he would grow to hate her as passionately as he now loved her.

He needed her almost too much . . . exactly as she was now, sitting at his side, talking contentedly about Haydn and tone poems, looking forward to an evening with Tess and Leslie Cameron. He leaned across and touched her hand, finding reassurance in its warmth.

"I love you," he said softly.

Lorna did not answer, but her eyes were smiling at him with tender eloquence.

The Camerons were friendly people with a true hospitality. Tess Cameron always referred to their entertaining as "having a few friends in," which was laughable, since they did not count their friends by a few; they were incalculable.

Any evening there was always something of a collection of personalities at their home, and almost any cross section of life could be met there, for Dr. Leslie Cameron made friends of all his patients and all his associates, doctors, nurses, ministers, artists, university professors, ballet dancers.

There was about their home, Lorna thought, a suburban brightness and comfort combined tastefully with old loved things which knit their owners securely to a past which they could recall instantly by saying, "This was my grandfather's tailcoat," or "These teacups belonged to old Mrs. Cameron, who inherited them from her grandmother."

Lorna envied Tess those tokens of an old life.

She had nothing of an old life to bring here with her. From rugs to paintings, to tin openers and bath towels, everything in her home was new. She wondered if it had ever occurred to Tim that she had come to her marriage more empty-handed than the poorest country girl, who has at least a bit of linen or china or a pottery bowl.

Lorna herself had felt it keenly.

Tess Cameron was delighted to see the Bayers. She introduced them to Marion LeRoy and to Dr. Nestri, and waved her hand vaguely to the others.

"I'm sure you know everyone else." Yes, they were all friends here. They played golf together, and bridge occasionally, and went swimming together in the summer, and held parties during the winter. They were always glad to see one another.

Lorna was curious about Paul Nestri. She was almost disappointed to find him charming. He was a man well into his fifties, with dark skin and very black eyes.

Unlike most dark-eyed people, his eyes did not shine. They were dull black, without depth or warmth. His hair was iron grey and in contrast his skin seemed quite dark, almost swarthy. He had very white, even teeth which made his smile attractive.

He sat opposite Lorna and flattered her with his attention. They spoke of French wine, of Swiss food, of the opera in Rome. Lorna saw that Tess Cameron was proud of her dinner guest, and well she might be, for here was a man who could be very engaging, a great asset to the local dinner tables of this somewhat dull district.

"You seem to have travelled a great deal for such a young woman, Mrs. Baylor." His observation was almost a question.

"Yes, I've been more fortunate than most," Lorna agreed. "You see, my father was an art dealer. Bruce Trenton was his name."

"Trenton?" He pronounced the name with a curious inflection. "Then you are the Lorna Trenton—the . . . the pianist?"

She looked up directly into his dark, lustreless eyes.

"How in the world did you know that?" she asked, surprised, pleased that he should know.

"I heard you play once in Paris."

"In Paris! But that was only a student's recital! How nice of you to remember me!"

"You had exceptional talent, even then. I knew that some day I'd hear you play again."

Lorna shook her head. "I'm not really very good," she said. "I—just . . ."

Dinner was over and the guests were rising, and Lorna finished her sentence with a short laugh which meant that she did not intend to be drawn deeper into explaining why she had deserted the lofty, unbalanced pinnacles of great artistry.

Walking across the hall into the living-room, Tim gave her arm a slight squeeze.

"I was wrong, darling. You did impress the great Nestri!"

Lorna saw that he was proud of her and she smiled at him.

"Apparently," she agreed, with surprise. "You'd better divert him before one of the girls murders me. Anyhow, I'd like a chance to talk to Marion LeRoy."

"This is your chance. She's standing alone over there by the wire-lens."

Lorna found Marion LeRoy most interesting, and before long they were in a deep discussion of Mozart.

After a time, Lorna became aware that her own conversation sounded distracted. She was speaking as though she were half listening to something else. She kept bringing her mind back to Mozart, but in a few minutes she would find herself speaking vaguely, her head half turned as though someone were waiting at her elbow to interrupt.

Please turn to page 23







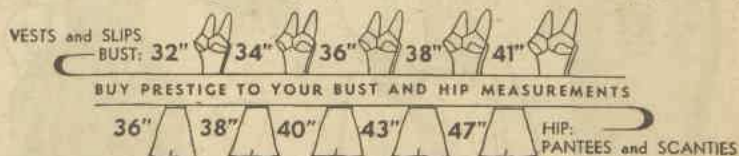
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F4497

F4498

F4500



# Flowers from a Stranger

Continued from page 20

THE other woman did not seem to notice anything wrong, but Lorna was annoyed with herself, annoyed with that feeling of distraction. She knew that there were two things which could always distract her, however unconsciously: One was music off key; the other rhythm off beat.

She listened intently, but there were no sounds in the house other than the hum of conversation. No, it wasn't that. It was, rather, the feeling of someone she did not like standing at her elbow, waiting to break into the conversation.

After a while she and Marion LeRoy were drawn into a discussion going on among a group of the hospital's doctors. They were discussing the importance of an individual's past life in the formation of his personality, and just how much anyone should be encouraged to hold on to the things of the past in order to understand his own personality.

It was a good topic, and they were really going at it. Even Dr. Nestri was excited.

Lorna studied him a bit while he held forth for the "inescapable consequences" of the past. The violence of his words, coming from such a seemingly reserved person, gave her a feeling of uneasiness.

It was a long time since she had met even the violence of a strong conviction. These people, to whom she had become so accustomed, could discuss the most serious subjects in a good natured, half joking manner; whose objectivity might seem shocking to one who did not understand them.

Dr. Nestri seemed out of place, speaking as he was with such passionate conviction. Yet everyone listened with quiet respect to this great man.

Lorna wondered if anyone but herself was speculating on what could have happened in Dr. Nestri's past to make him so vehemently certain of these "inescapable consequences." His wife? No, it must be something to do with his work.

The discussion was growing too technical. Lorna leaned back and lit a cigarette. Suddenly she was aware that a fragment of melody had been repeating itself in her head for several minutes.

That was not unusual, except that she could hear this melody more clearly in her ears than in her mind. She turned her head to determine if it might be a wireless playing. But it was not. She could hear it as clearly from any direction because the melody was inside herself, not outside. It was an eerie thing, and she was not sure that she liked it.

She shook her head unconsciously to dismiss the melody. It was simple, too thin for the sonata she was composing. She could not dismiss it from her hearing. It did not grow any louder, but it would not fade; just the same beautiful eeriness over and over and Lorna found herself arranging chords. She turned to Marion LeRoy.

"I've got a tune running through my head," she said. "I'm sure it's familiar, but I can't place it. Will you help me?"

Marion protested with a laugh. But she followed Lorna to the piano and watched with interest the ease with which the supple fingers first ran through the melody, then put it into chords of such arresting beauty that the room grew quiet, and Lorna became aware of growing attention

about her. Presently she stopped playing and looked up inquiringly. Marion shook her head. "I don't recognise it. Let's hear an inversion of it."

Lorna picked up it up in the bass. Marion listened. After a moment she said, "I still don't recognise it. Boldini, perhaps?"

Lorna did not answer. For suddenly the whole tone pattern became clear to her and she was playing it as easily as if she were reading from music. She had been mistaken—it was not thin. It had possibilities of great power.

The first thread of experience was developing the power of the demonic. It gave her a clear picture.

Lorna saw the darkened crypt of a church... high stained windows poured colored pools of light into the aisles.

Inwardly her eyes turned to the sanctuary and she saw with dismay that the sanctuary light had gone out. She sensed the evil presence an instant before she saw it, a cold, transparent wall blending with the shadowed corner in which it stood... she saw its face, and... she had never seen anything so evil!

She turned away from the vision, seeking reassurance from the sight of Tim. Instead of Tim her eyes met those of Dr. Nestri, staring at her intently. Her eyes glared. A shock of fear passed through her. Her breath stopped, a coldness blew over her and a distant voice, her own, whispered, "Lorna, that man hates you! He is evil!"

The music stopped. Her hands on the keyboard were cramped with cold. She saw Tim staring at her and she lowered her eyes.

As she did, she seemed to hear another voice, her father's, saying, "Lorna, he's going to kill you!"

At her shoulder, Marion LeRoy was saying something about "a remarkable thing," but Lorna could not turn her head, could not answer. She looked up slowly, her knees trembling, her legs gripped with the same paralysing cold that cramped her fingers. She walked to Tim; it seemed to take a hundred years. "Darling, it's getting late," she said faintly. "I think we should be going."

Tim agreed at once, but it took several minutes to say their good-nights and every minute Lorna thought that she was going to faint.

The air outside felt good against her face. She saw the moon shining silver through the pale leaves. She lifted her head and felt, with exquisite relief, a godlike presence in these things—the moon, the coming of spring.

Tim's arm was warm and strong beneath her fingers.

What nonsense I've been thinking, she scolded herself. It was that odd melody.

The melody was gone now. Something of an echo remained, but its substance was gone. That was strange! She had played it, arranged its harmonies, yet she could not recall even the mechanical progression of the notes, much less the life of the melody. She was badly confused.

She sat silent beside Tim on the short drive home, afraid to trust herself to speak.

Once Tim asked, "Is anything wrong, darling? It seems to me you left in an awful hurry."

"No, nothing really," she told him. "I just felt rather strange. Perhaps that smoke in the room."

"No doubt," Tim agreed. After a short silence he asked, "What was that thing you were playing?"

"I don't know," Lorna admitted. "Original?"

"I don't know," she repeated. She could not explain to him that it held the familiarity of an old tragedy; something forgotten, lost now beyond memory's keeping.

"Well, I'm no judge of music," Tim said. "but I don't think I like that thing."

Something in it that's—," he hesitated, groping for the word.

"Evil," Lorna said.

"Yes," he was surprised. "That's it! Don't tell me I'm getting musical in my old age!"

Lorna did not answer. They turned into their own drive and she helped Tim with the small ceremony of lights and doors that was involved in putting the car away.

They entered the quiet house and Lorna snatched on a lamp and looked round the familiar living-room with grateful reassurance. It was stolidly the same.

The queer, disjointed mood left her and she took a deep breath and let the reality of her life pour strength back into her body. "This was it; really. The rest was a madness of seeming to be suspended in a maze of harmonies."

He's going to kill you! How ridiculous! A man she did not know; who did not know her. A doctor from the hospital. A great psychiatrist. One of Tim's own associates. Why on earth would Dr. Nestri want to kill her? He did not even know her. What on earth could have given her such an idea?

Perhaps she should try an extra

## Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript, or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper. Short stories should be from 2500 to 4000 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection. Every care is taken of manuscripts, but we accept no responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate. Address manuscripts to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 1088W, G.P.O., Sydney.

hour of sleep now and then. She smiled at the sudden memory of the school in Switzerland, of Sister Francesca, who claimed that only those who slept eight hours could believe steadfastly in God; the others were too tired for faith.

It was a point, Lorna conceded now. The devil certainly seemed to haunt the sleepless.

Undressing for bed, she thought back on those moments alone in the car outside the hospital.

That awareness of evil... she had probably brought that with her to the Camerons' to-night. It was herself... the awful sound of that crying which she could not forget... the thought of what overpowering tragedy must lie in that shattered mind.

In the middle of the night Lorna awakened. She opened her eyes, thoroughly awake, staring at the familiar shadows of her room. She looked across at Tim, hoping that it was a noise which had awakened her and that she would find him awake, too.

After a few seconds she realised that he was sleeping deeply. She was alone in her wakefulness, alone with a sensation of sick apprehension which pounded through her in waves of nausea.

She felt angry with herself, for the feeling had taken hold of her as though she was incapable of controlling herself with reason and discipline. She knew no noise had awakened her; rather it was a sound above the pitch of hearing; a vibration of danger.

Then she knew it was the semblance of her father's voice, saying, "He's going to kill you!"

To be continued

No ROMANCE...UNTIL  
MY blotchy  
**SKIN RASH**  
DISAPPEARED

My first big date with Bill went off, because of that ugly rash on my face. Nothing I tried did the slightest good.

Then I happened to meet Auntie. She said Rexona Ointment had done wonders in clearing up my countenance. So I decided to try Rexona.

Each night I smothered that countenance with the rough, red patches. In a few days they disappeared and the dreadful irritation vanished completely.

Thanks to Rexona Ointment my skin is always clear and smooth now. That's why Bill keeps saying how things about my complexion!

THE RAPID HEALER  
**Rexona**  
1/6 OINTMENT  
A JAR (City & Suburbs)  
Rexona's SIX healing medicaments make it the perfect treatment for all skin troubles.

HER HOLIDAY  
STARTED AS  
A FLOP...BUT  
IT ENDED UP  
LIKE THIS...



LIFEBOUY—THE ONE SOAP SPECIALLY MADE TO STOP "B.O."





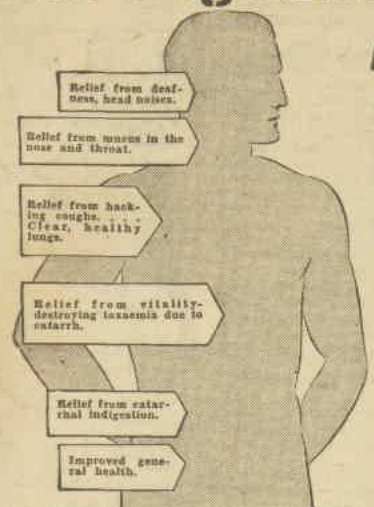
LANTIGEN "B" FOR CATARRH. LANTIGEN "B" FOR ANTRUM INFECTION. LANTIGEN "B" FOR BRONCHITIS

# Life-long Sufferers Praise Immunisation Treatment!

## Acclaimed Beneficial and Safe Treatment for

# CATARRH

### BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, ANTRUM & SINUS INFECTIONS, RECURRENT COLDS



THESE PICTURES SHOW HOW LANTIGEN OPERATES

This simple explanation of the way in which Lantigen works will show you clearly how effective a treatment it is. Lantigen is a scientific treatment for many germ-borne disorders.



1. These are the villi—small sucker-like protuberances in the upper respiratory tract—which have an absorptive surface equal to a room 12 x 12 x 12 feet and which absorb Lantigen from the gastric fluids and carry it into the system.



2. This diagram shows one of the many dangerous germs that cause diseases.



3. These are illustrations of a white corpuscle stimulated by Lantigen engulfing and destroying infective germs for the purpose of their elimination from the system.

## IMPORTANT BRITISH MEDICAL DISCOVERY

### MICRO-ORGANISMS DISSOLVED

In the case of chronic diseases such as catarrh, rheumatism and septic conditions, the poisons in the system use up or destroy most of the hydrotropins or dissolving substances in the body. Unless these dissolving substances are present in sufficient quantity the organisms in an ordinary vaccine cannot be brought into solution. Therefore the ordinary vaccine, whether taken by mouth or by injection, is rendered either partially or totally ineffective. The reason is that the antigenic fluid is not released from the bodies of the organisms—thus there results a failure to produce the necessary antibodies to destroy the germ poisons or to kill the germs. Lantigen is an oral vaccine in a dissolved state and begins to operate and produce antibodies immediately it is taken. It therefore gives increased natural antibody resistance to disease. You would not develop catarrhal conditions if this "antibody" resistance was strong enough to overcome them. Lantigen removes the cause of lowered resistance which saves your vitality and that is why it succeeds.

More than 150,000 people in Australia have been given relief by Lantigen "B" from the sneezing, coughing, choking and head noises, from the deafness, hawking, stuffed-up feeling which is Catarrh as we know it. If you are a sufferer you should know that, drop after drop after drop, catarrhal poisons infect your entire system, destroying the tissues and sapping your vitality. You can combat these poisons safely and effectively with Lantigen "B"—no injections—no operations—no pain—no danger—but a treatment

that counteracts the effect of the germs causing these diseases. This positive relief is something that no sufferer can afford to miss. Think what it will mean to gain relief from choking, coughing, sniffling and gasping for breath. And in most cases relief can be obtained from the annoyance and humiliation of nose stoppages, mucus and phlegm, head noises, catarrhal deafness, bronchial asthma, bronchitis, antrum, sinus, and other respiratory tract infections. Ask your chemist for Lantigen "B" to-day.

HERE ARE THE GERMS WHICH CAUSE THESE DISORDERS



B. PNEUMONIAE



STREPTOCOCCI



PNEUMOCOCCI



B. INFLUENZAE



MICROCOCCI CATARRHAI

**GUARANTEED NOT TO HARM THE HEART**  
Does not interfere with other treatments

### CATARRH

Catarrh is caused by germs. Usually the first infection is due to the neglect of a simple cold. This becomes stubborn and protracted. The excretions which are dislodged by blowing the nose often fall back into the throat, infect the tonsils and result in acute laryngitis and inflammation. Lantigen "B", dissolved oral vaccine, offers an effective treatment for sufferers from catarrh. The distressing effects of the complaint are greatly reduced and replaced by a feeling of well-being. Lantigen "B" works well. It is a dissolved oral vaccine.

### WHAT IS LANTIGEN?

Lantigen is not a patent medicine and is devoid of drugs altogether. Lantigen is a dissolved oral vaccine prepared to counteract the effect of the particular organisms which are peculiar to the diseases requiring treatment. Lantigen contains no live germs. The organisms from which it is produced are destroyed by dissolving them, thus releasing the antigens therein—the natural antidote.

## READ THESE PERSONAL, WRITTEN TESTIMONIES BY LANTIGEN USERS

### CANADIAN RELIEVED FROM BRONCHITIS

"I am writing to let you know what Lantigen 'B' has done for me. First, I am able to go to bed and sleep the whole night through without waking around three o'clock choked up and getting no more rest the remainder of the

night. It has been a God-send to me to learn of Lantigen 'B' and what it has done for me—it is worth its weight in gold—mine being very stubborn, severe attacks of Bronchial Asthma. I have just completed using one bottle." (Signed) Mrs. May Braithwaite, 366a Balliol Street, Toronto, Ont.

### 29 YEARS WITH BRONCHIAL CATARRH, NOW WELL

Mrs. B. Lane, of 12 Kahle Street, Windsor, N.S.W., writes: "My cousin has had Bronchial Catarrh for about 29 years, causing a continual sneezing, tickling cough which in turn caused her eyes to run with tears and at times heavily choked her. She couldn't lay on her back or on her right side without being nearly choked with coughing and she didn't go where there was any cigarette smoke. Five weeks ago she decided to try Lantigen 'B' and she hasn't coughed since, and this is no idle statement."

MARVELLOUS TREATMENT FOR CATARRH  
Mr. E. McKee, of Glenies Station, N.Z., writes: "I must say it is a most marvellous treatment for catarrh. After taking two and a half bottles I feel quite a new man altogether. Have lost all dull headaches and dull feelings and take quite an interest in life again."

**ASK YOUR CHEMIST FOR LANTIGEN "B" TO-DAY**

£1/1/- per bottle. The recommended treatment costs less than 3d. per day.

## AN EMINENT PHYSICIAN

Writing in the "British Medical Journal," Dr. Cronin Lowe says: "In my experience the oral antigens (or vaccines) have been mostly employed for cases of catarrhal infections, rheumatic conditions and catarrhal enterocolitis. Clinical responses have been quite definitely marked."

**TAKEN BY MOUTH ACTS IMMEDIATELY**

★ Do a good deed—cut out advertisement and send to a fellow sufferer.

### BABY FREED FROM BRONCHITIS

"Before I heard of Lantigen 'B' I tried everything in the chemist's shop to ease my baby son of terrible attacks of bronchitis, but to no avail. Night after night he would be wailing and coughing, used to go to sleep for about five minutes and then start coughing and bringing up the mucus. This would go on until about three or three-thirty in the morning and then he would dose off to sleep and sleep until about ten o'clock, but all day

long he would be heavy in the eyes and cranky through lack of undisturbed rest. My son has had three bottles of Lantigen and from the first week of giving it to him he has been a different boy, no wheeze, no cough, only good rest every night. I only hope that the mumsies and fathers who have young or grown-up children who suffer from bronchitis get to know just how really good your Lantigen 'B' is."—Mr. J. Kerr, Melville Terrace, Manly, Qld.

### SINUS INFECTION CLEARED

Mr. J. A. Gough, of Eden, writes: "When I had the first X-ray done of my sinuses in 1939, the photo showed them dark and cloudy, and after the course I've taken of Lantigen I can now tell you that my sinuses are clear except for a slight thickening of the right antrum. This is marvellous and can no doubt be put down to the good work Lantigen has done."

Produced by fully qualified Bacteriologists working under the supervision of an eminent physician.  
**TREATS FIRST—THEN IMMUNISES**  
Product of Edinburgh Laboratories, SYDNEY.

# LANTIGEN 'B'

LANTIGEN "B" FOR BRONCHITIS. LANTIGEN "B" FOR SINUS INFECTION. LANTIGEN "B" FOR CATARRH



# E

Naomi, Mark had embarked, at first small sums, and, later, increasingly large ones, from his firm. He must realise, she explained, that one must have money to be able to afford the friendship of "the right people." Now Mark was to be exposed unless he could replace the money by midday to-morrow.

But he would repay it, Naomi told herself confidently. Old Robert was a hard man, but he wouldn't let his own son go to gaol without lifting a finger to save him. She whirled about with a smile as Mark entered and ran to his side.

"Everything all right, darling?" she cried, standing on tiptoe to look into his eyes. But Mark was haggard and his eyes fell.

"All right? No," he said unnaturally. "No. It isn't."

Kenneth removed his spectacles and blinked. He sealed two narrow envelopes and attached the stamps, then leant back in his chair and began absently to fill his pipe.

Dallas' behaviour of an hour ago had puzzled and worried him. It was so much at variance with her happy, humorous nature, and she had vouchsafed no explanation to his anxious questions.

He looked around, disturbed by a slight sound behind him. Dallas stood there, and he sprang to his feet.

"Darling! Feeling better now?" He re-seated himself and pulled her gently down on to his knee. "Feel like telling me all about it?"

Dallas flung her arms about his neck and kissed him desperately. "I love you, Ken," she sobbed. "Oh, Ken, I'm so terribly tired." He stroked her hair, murmuring soothing endearments, until she sat up, drying her eyes.

"Ken," she said soberly, "I want to talk to you."

Trixie dropped the telephone receiver and stood quite still a moment. She heard the grandfather clock ticking loudly and monotonously, and began subconsciously to count the ticks.

"Eight, nine, ten—ten seconds or ten minutes or ten hours," she thought stupidly. She turned and stumbled back to the kitchen. Lena looked at her curiously, and, startled by her expression, said sympathetically, "Bad news?"

Trixie picked up a knife and began automatically to polish it.

"Frank's dead," she said, her voice quite devoid of expression. Her dark head was bent over the knife in her hand so that Lena could not see her expression, but the malevolent tone of her next words frightened the elder woman.

"It's all his fault," she said, staring in the direction of the upper story. "And if I can I'll make him pay!"

At 5 a.m. on Tuesday the fifth, the pale rays of the rising sun crept through an open window to reveal the body of Robert Caldwell slumped across a small writing-desk which occupied one corner of his spacious bedroom.

At 11 a.m. Detective-Inspector Craig sat in the library studying the notes he had made as he questioned the family and servants.

"Mrs. Geraldine Caldwell. Second wife of the late Robert, you say, Barker?" He went on, before the plump, middle-aged sergeant could reply. "Of course, she must be. She doesn't look any older than the eldest son, Barry Caldwell." He frowned.

"Now, as I see it, everyone had a motive—of sorts—for murdering the old man. His wife, for instance, I gather that the fact that she wanted a divorce was no secret, nor the fact that he wouldn't consider it. And apparently the allowance he made her was quite inadequate, so there's the money motive."

"Same applies to Barry Caldwell—to all of them as far as that goes. He admits that he asked his father for a loan and was refused. The other two sons—twins, aren't they?"

## Continuing . . The Best Laid Plans

from page 5

—and their wives will probably benefit financially by old Mr. Caldwell's death. The servants seem all right—the cook and the chauffeur, anyway."

He turned the pages of his notebook. "According to their statements, none of the family, excepting Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Caldwell, left their rooms after ten-fifteen, and the doctor tells me that the poison was administered some time after eleven-thirty." He paused as someone rapped lightly upon the door.

"Ah, I expected this, Barker. You see, nearly everyone in the house is hiding something, and I think one or two of them will want to tell me in private something they preferred not to mention in the presence of the others." He raised his voice. "Come in."

Naomi, correctly clad in black, entered, and stood, hesitating, in the centre of the room. The inspector's grim, gaunt features assumed a pleasant expression.

"Sit down, Mrs. Caldwell. I think you have some information for me."

Naomi's small bright eyes showed surprise. "Why—yes." Her face clouded.

"I know what I'm going to say will sound terribly dismal, but I think you should know it. It's about my sister-in-law Dallas. I don't think she told you the reason for the interview with our father-in-law last night, but Mark and I happened to be passing the door at the time, and—." For a moment she paused, flushing faintly, then went on, "We couldn't help overhearing something. Father was threatening to expose Dallas to Kenneth."

"Expose her?" Craig repeated.

"Yes." Naomi's expression was pained. "Dallas has been rather indiscreet in her relationship with an acquaintance of ours—a Mr. Cole. She was obviously upset about something when I went to her room to borrow some bobby-pins about a quarter of an hour later."

"I see. That's very interesting." "That isn't all, Inspector. Father's death was caused by poisoning, wasn't it?"

"His death was caused by an overdose of sleeping draught taken in his whisky," Craig corroborated.

"Yes. Well, Dallas is the only person in the house who uses a sleeping draught," Naomi said smugly.

Craig disappointingly made no comment upon this insinuation. Instead he asked with apparent irrelevance: "Your husband was also with his father soon after your sister-in-law's return to her room. I believe. Can you tell me why?"

Naomi's eyes went blank. She said, "Mark and his father had been considering some plan about building an extra wing on to the house. They were probably discussing that."

"M-m-m. Well, I won't detain you, Mrs. Caldwell. Thank you for your help." Naomi, accepting this summary dismissal, arose and walked to the door. As she opened it she almost collided with Dallas and Ken, who regarded her with hostile eyes as they stepped past her into the library.

I suppose they've guessed why I've been here, she thought indifferently, as the door closed behind them.

Craig's face was a cool, impersonal mask as he invited Dallas and Ken to be seated.

"We'll only keep you a moment," Ken told him. "There's something we think we should tell you. It may not be relevant, but—you tell Inspector Craig, darling."

Craig smiled encouragement, and Dallas began to speak rather nervously.

"Last night Ken and I sat talking in this room until rather late. Ken was writing letters here, and I joined him soon after ten. We didn't go up to bed until a quarter past twelve, but as we walked across the hall the door of father's room

opened—it's just at the top of the stairs—and our maid Trixie came out." She swallowed hard.

"Strangely enough, she didn't come down the stairs, but went off down the passage in the direction of the other bedroom. They are all, excepting ours, on the other side of father's. Does it mean anything, Inspector?"

"It might," said Craig noncommittally.

"Inspector Craig," Ken said, "father's death—could it have been suicide?"

"Hardly. Otherwise the empty container of the sleeping-draught would have been nearby, and it was nowhere to be found."

Ken blurted out, "There's something else we must tell you, Dallas takes something to make her sleep, and when we returned to our room last night the bottle was missing."

No one spoke for a moment, then Craig said kindly, "Thank you, Mr. Caldwell. If you are going, will you send your cook to me?"

Dallas and Ken departed with evident relief.

"Somehow has that empty bottle," Craig said to Barker, "and I think whoever it is will try to plant it in Dallas Caldwell's room. Naturally I want to be present when this person makes the attempt, and I can't get upstairs yet, so you'd better post yourself at the head of the stairs. No one, except the Kenneth Caldwells themselves, is likely to try to pass you. I'll be up as soon as possible."

The sergeant stumped stolidly from the room, and Craig followed him to the door. Trixie was running a vacuum cleaner over the hall carpet, and Craig's eyes rested speculatively upon the tall figure, the dark, closely cropped curls accentuating the unnatural pallor of the face.

He was about to speak to her when he saw Lena approaching along the passage which led to the servants' quarters.

"Mr. Caldwell says you want me, sir," she said respectfully.

"Yes. Come in, Mrs. Grant. He closed the door as she entered and stood uneasily peering the edge of her overall. Craig smiled reassuringly.

"Just a few questions, Mrs. Grant. Firstly, I want to know why you and Trixie were working so late last night."

"I wasn't really working, sir, just keepin' Trixie company. She'd had the afternoon off. She got special permission from Mrs. Caldwell to go to the hospital where her brother was ill, and she had a bit of work to make up. We finished just before ten and went to bed."

"You and Trixie share a room, don't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Won't you tell me now what—you should have told me before, Mrs. Grant?" Craig said persuasively.

"What do you mean?" Lena said defiantly, then her face seemed to crumple up and she began to sob silently. Craig waited patiently until she pulled herself together.

"I'm sorry, sir. I s'pose you'll have to know, but I don't know how to tell you. She wasn't herself, sir."

"Just tell me what happened."

"Well, Trixie's brother Frank used to be chauffeur here before Charles, but old Mr. Caldwell dismissed him because he went out for an hour one afternoon when he was supposed to be on duty. It wasn't anything terrible, but Mr. Caldwell was a hard man. Trixie went on working here, but Frank couldn't get another job and the two of them've been livin' on Trixie's wages. Of course she lived here, but she had to pay for Frank's room. He boarded with a young married couple a few streets away."

Craig was watching her intently.

"Yes?" he said encouragingly.

"Well, a few days ago Frank got

sick, and they couldn't afford to get a doctor in, but I have a bit saved up, and yesterday I lent Trixie a few pounds. She rang a doctor and sent him round to see Frank, and he said it was pneumonia and sent him to hospital. They must've been too late though, because the hospital phoned last night to say he'd died suddenly." Her voice quavered.

"Trixie took the news badly. She blamed Mr. Caldwell and said that if Frank'd still had his job they could've afforded proper medical attention as soon as he started to feel sick. She looked awfully queer, sir, and she said she'd pay Mr. Caldwell back for what he'd done. At the time I didn't take much notice. But I remembered when they found the body this morning."

Please turn to page 26

FOR QUICK HELP WITH ALL CLEANING—USE MONKEY BRAND—THE HANDY BLOCK THAT CLEANS WITHOUT WASTE AND NEVER SCRATCHES



Gay as a French Perfume!  
Her last year's undies still have that New look—that LUX LOOK!



Lux care keeps undies lovely 3 times as long!

Chic as Paris itself—that's how undies keep on looking when you LUX them after every wearing. It's left in perspiration that ruins delicate fabrics and fades colours. But a regular nightly Lux dip gently whisks it away before it can do harm. That simple care keeps the lovely new look in your undies—that LUX LOOK. Tests prove that with Lux, undies stay new-looking 3 times as long as when you use strong soaps or harsh methods like bar-soap rubbing.

UJ3434

Page 25

## Wuff, Snuff & Tuff



FOR THE CHILDREN

by TIM



CRAIG asked thoughtfully, "Did Trixie go to the hospital last night after receiving the news of her brother's death?"

"No, sir. She said she couldn't bear to see him lying there dead. She still had most of the money I'd given her and she gave it back to me and asked me to make arrangements for the funeral. They won't hang her, will they?"

"I doubt it," said Craig. "Tell me, Mrs. Grant, would it have been possible for Trixie to have left your room last night without your knowledge?"

"I'm a light sleeper, sir, but I suppose she could've. As a matter of fact, I thought I heard someone moving in the passage outside our door, but I was only half awake and forgot about it until this minute." Her voice quavered again.

"Anyway, Trixie's bed's near the door and mine's on the other side of the room, so Trixie might've—must've gone out without me knowing."

"If you don't mind, I'd like to look over the layout of your quarters, Mrs. Grant." Craig opened the door and Lena led the way to the back of the house.

Craig's examination proved, however, to be very perfunctory. He glanced into the kitchen and bedrooms and peered into a cupboard which stood in a shadowy part of the passage, midway between Charles' room and that shared by the two women servants.

"What's this cupboard used for?" he asked casually.

"Linen mostly, sir, but Trixie and I keep our fresh uniforms there, too. We have three each."

"Fresh?" Craig said significantly. "Then what's this doing here?" He drew forth a crumpled overall and held it up for her inspection. Lena looked puzzled.

"Why, I don't know, sir. It's all crushed, as though it's been worn."

"And if it had been worn by either you or Trixie it wouldn't be here?"

"Oh, no, sir. It'd be in the wash." Craig replaced the overall on the shelf and said, "That's about all, Mrs. Grant. Thank you." He left her, with a brief nod.

Craig hesitated in the hallway, then decided to ascertain the whereabouts of the family before joining Sergeant Barker, who still kept vigil at the head of the stairs.

He opened the library door, but found it empty, and passed on to the adjoining room, a small, orderly bachelor's den. Barry, dark and lithe, was writing at a desk by the window and glanced up as Craig put his head around the door.

"Just looking for Sergeant Barker," the inspector explained untruthfully, withdrawing his head before Barry could reply. He crossed the hall and opened another door. Naomi was perched upon the edge of a table and Mark was just turning away from the telephone.

Mark looked startled and a little frightened. He ran a nervous hand over his hair and managed to say, with forced bravado, "Ah, Inspector. What can we do for you?"

"Nothing, Mr. Caldwell, thank you. I'm looking for your stepmother." He made his way towards the sitting-room, where Geraldine sat alone at the piano turning the pages of a Beethoven sonata and looking singularly unconcerned and contented for a recently bereaved widow.

Not even bothering to make a pretence of grief, he thought disgustedly, but his tone was quite impersonal as he said, "I wanted to ask you about your late husband's will."

"Yes?" Geraldine replied guardedly, replacing the sonata in the old-fashioned music-rack at her side.

"I assume that you are aware of its contents. Would you mind telling me who will derive the greatest financial benefit under its terms?"

"I suppose there's no reason why I shouldn't tell you," Geraldine said doubtfully. "In money and property I'll have about £75,000, Barry £30,000, Mark and Ken £20,000 each, and a few distant relatives receive bequests of about £200."

"I see. And who else, besides yourself, knew this?"

"Oh, we all knew," said Geraldine, and at that moment Dallas and Ken entered through the French window.

## The Best Laid Plans

Continued from page 25

"Sorry," Ken apologised immediately. "We didn't know."

"I'm just going," Craig told him. "Come on in." He left them and hurried up the stairs.

"I want you to stay here," he said briefly, as he passed the taciturn sergeant, "while I have a look through these rooms." He studied the rough diagram of the upper story he had had Barry draw for him earlier. From the north there were Dallas and Ken's bedroom, a bathroom, Robert Caldwell's bedroom, Geraldine's bedroom, Mark's den, Naomi and Mark's bedroom, another bathroom, and Barry's bedroom.

Sergeant Barker watched the lean figure of his superior disappear into each in turn, until at last he rejoined him.

"Come on, Barker, we're going to hide in the bathroom adjoining the Kenneth Caldwell's room. Firstly, though, I want you to go downstairs to the library and say something to convey the impression that I am down there and you are addressing me. Then close the door firmly and creep upstairs again to the bathroom, where I'll be waiting. I want our murderer to think that this floor is unoccupied."

He went along to the bathroom, and, after making sure that the door connecting it with the bedroom was slightly ajar, ensconced himself upon a chair by the door.

Barker joined him a few moments later. "Have you guessed who we're waiting for?" Craig whispered.

"Fraid not, sir," the sergeant said.

"I'm sure myself," Craig said, smiling faintly. "But I will tell you how the murder was committed, and for the time being we'll call the murderer 'A.' 'X' is so unoriginal."

"Wasn't the maid, sir?" Barker hazarded hopefully.

"No," said Craig. "It wasn't the maid."

"Then what was she doing in the old chap's room after midnight? She was seen coming out, wasn't she, sir?"

"Someone was seen, Barker, but it wasn't Trixie. It was 'A.' Everyone in this house, including the servants, knew that Mrs. Kenneth Caldwell took a sleeping-draught and that the late Mr. Caldwell was in the habit of drinking a glass of whisky nightly before retiring. The Kenneth Caldwells were together downstairs until after midnight, so access to their room presented no difficulties to anyone."

"A" went to their room some time after ten, purloined the bottle of sleeping-draught, and later crept downstairs to the servants' quarters and took a spare uniform from the cupboard.

"A" probably folded this up and concealed it beneath his or her own garments, then went straight to Mr. Caldwell's room. The old chap must have been sitting up late, writing letters. There were several sealed and stamped lying on his desk. He was possibly about to have his whisky when "A" entered.

"Managing to engage the old man's attention in some manner, 'A' was able to drop the drug into his whisky, wait until the drug took effect—a matter of a few minutes—then, in case he happened to be seen leaving the room, to don the maid's overall and cap. As it happened, he was seen."

"How do you know it wasn't actually the maid who came out of Mr. Caldwell's room?" asked the sergeant.

"She would have come straight downstairs. There would have been no reason for her to turn along in the direction of the other bedrooms."

"That's right," the sergeant agreed.

"Anyway there is another reason for my surmise that the person seen by the Kenneth Caldwells was the murderer in disguise. I've just been looking over the servants' quarters, and in the passage cupboard I found a crumpled maid's uniform which had obviously been worn, although the cook assures me that neither she nor Trixie has worn it. Mrs. Grant also thought she heard someone in the passage late last night."

He paused, listening.

APPARENTLY satisfied he continued:

"The plan was very clever. Even if seen leaving Mr. Caldwell's room, the murderer would not be recognised, and if he—or she—could plant the empty bottle in Dallas Caldwell's room the evidence against him would be almost conclusive. If, by chance, anyone else were suspected, it would probably be Trixie."

"I think 'A' counted upon being able to plant the bottle before the police arrived, but had no chance to do so. Still, as far as the family knows, the upstairs rooms haven't been searched yet, so, in my opinion, 'A' will take the first available opportunity to sneak up to this room."

"The motive must have been money, although I'm not sure yet why—" He broke off. "I think someone's coming," he whispered.

In the silence which followed the two men heard stealthy footsteps in the passage. The blinds were drawn in the next room and it was in semi-darkness. The sergeant strained his eyes as the door opened soundlessly and a shadowy figure moved swiftly across the carpet to the dressing-table. It leant over, and, opening the silver box, fumbled for something in an inner pocket.

Inspector Craig's steps were inaudible as he crept up behind the intruder when the latter, unsuspecting, withdrew his hand from his pocket.

Then a startled cry rang out as one of Craig's own hands shot out, gripping the man's wrist, while with his other hand the inspector endeavored to prise a hard object from the man's fingers.

The struggle lasted only moments, then there was another startled gasp, and the intruder tried to snatch at the object as it hurtled from his hands to the floor.

The sergeant grabbed him as Craig, stepping back, displayed the object he had picked up from the floor.

"Perhaps," he said grimly, "you will explain how the bottle which contained the poison which caused your father's death happens to be in your possession—Mr. Barry Caldwell!"

(Copyright)

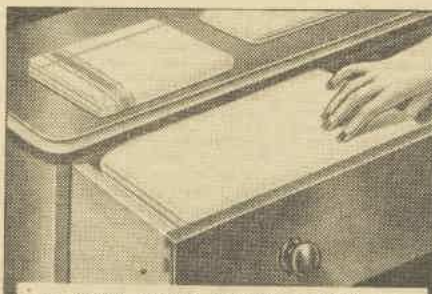
## What a tribute to Velvet Soap

### MRS. PETERS STILL WEARS THIS PRETTY DRESS...WASHED OVER 100 TIMES

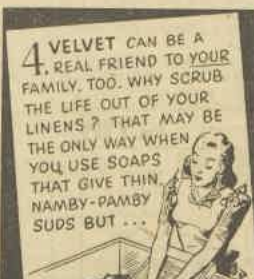
Mrs. A. C. Peters, of 12 Harris Street, Norwood, South Australia, writes her praises of VELVET SOAP. Read how Velvet has been her friend through the years.



1. "THE STYLE'S BEEN ALTERED OF COURSE," writes Mrs. Peters, "but I made the dress I'm wearing in the photograph all of nine years ago. When you think it's been washed over 100 times with Velvet, well, it's no wonder I'm proud!"



2. "LIKE OTHER VELVET USERS," continues Mrs. Peters, "I have many other things as good as new—not a sign of wear, thanks to Velvet. For example, I have ten linen tea towels, six pillow slips and a pair of blankets all in use since 1927. I never use any other but Velvet soap!"



4. VELVET CAN BE A REAL FRIEND TO YOUR FAMILY, TOO. WHY SCRUB THE LIFE OUT OF YOUR LINENS? THAT MAY BE THE ONLY WAY WHEN YOU USE SOAPS THAT GIVE THIN, NAMBY-PAMBY SUDS BUT...



5. WHEN YOU USE VELVET, EVEN GROUND-IN DIRT COMES AWAY EASILY... SAFELY VELVET'S EXTRA SOAPY SUDS MAKE LINENS LAST FOR YEARS!

says Aunt Jenny



3. "BEST OF ALL," adds Mrs. Peters, "Velvet's the mildest soap ever made. Velvet keeps my hands so soft, and that's very important to me because I am a dressmaker!" Other ladies like Velvet, too, for the same reason... Velvet's so mild it gives hands that well-cared-for look. No wonder it's good for the clothes!

## VELVET SOAP



Tune in 11 a.m. every Mon. to Fri. "AUNT JENNY'S REAL-LIFE STORIES"

V.145.31

The Australian Women's Weekly—January 4, 1947



# A DRAGON PROTESTS

THIS time of the year I wonder why fate cast me in the role of a guest-house proprietor, instead of the carefree holiday guest.

The guest's role seems altogether more attractive than mine. I and my kind are always painted as dragons—not reluctant either. Believe me there's a case for us.

As people and golf clubs, tennis racquets and suitcases spilled out of the taxis at the door this holiday, I noticed, in the confusion of greeting old friends and welcoming new, two suppressed-looking girls clutching Brownie cameras.

This by no means unfamiliar sight confirmed my suspicion that the 1946-47 season was going to be like every other summer season in memory.

While reflecting on the inability of even the shortest-term holiday-makers to travel without the same amount of luggage brought by people who are staying a fortnight, with sinking heart I noticed two other girls, exceedingly young and pretty, in holiday clothes obviously bought for the occasion.

And in the group, to complete the assortment, was a somewhat aggressively executive type, who had chosen to travel up in the train wearing jodhpurs and walking shoes.

Those who had been there before were already round the blackboard, chalking up their own names against those of the horses they wanted to ride to-morrow.

Said the jodhpured type: "I hope there's something that'll go."

"What do you mean 'go'?" I asked. Not only am I a little touchy about any criticism levelled against my horses, but I am only too familiar with this opening gambit.

"Something with life in it."

"None of our riding-school horses."



CAMERA enthusiast records the usual holiday guest-house assortment.

I said proudly, "have life. We would not dream of having anything but thoroughly reliable, quiet horses in the riding school."

The thwarted rosette star then said she'd like to go out before breakfast. Patiently I pointed out that the times of riding were on the blackboard, 10 a.m. to 1 p.m., and 2.30 to 5.30.

Because of the need to milk, separate, pump, chop wood, and stoke the furnace it was not possible for anyone to ride out and round up the horses before breakfast.

"Then what will the reduction be if I book a horse every day?"

Again I pointed out that the charge, 7/6 per half-day, was on the blackboard.

This seemingly endless conversation was interrupted, by the ringing of the telephone. I always wonder at the inability of guests to absent themselves from their friends for three days without exchanging nightly news bulletins.

"It's lovely," said one of the camera-carriers into the mouthpiece. "Oh, very nice."

Experience has taught me that this latter remark referred jointly to the other guests and myself, in reply to the question, "What are they like?"

Owing to the telephone having been installed by the previous owner in the centre of the house, those who are less pleased with the accommodation and their fellow guests are forced to confine their remarks to such unsatisfactory phrases as "Not bad," "Pretty quiet," and "I'll tell you when I see you."

While her friend was thus engaged, the second camera-bearer said that she thought she would like to breakfast in bed.

With heartfelt sincerity I told her I knew exactly how she felt, but that the domestic situation was such that meals in rooms were quite quite impossible. Breakfast, however, was not until 8.30.

On behalf of herself and friend the second camera-bearer agreeably said that that would do. How much easier it would be if all the guests were nice, suppressed girls, and not aggressive (and perhaps also suppressed) executives.

The pretty two next remarked that



it seemed rather quiet.

They had been expecting that the other guests would be younger, and where was the ballroom?

I take special pains in my advertisements to stress the many peaceful pleasures of country life abounding at this guest-house. What had led them to believe there was a ballroom? I asked.

There had been a ballroom everywhere else they stayed.

The trials of the night were not yet over, for a young woman, old enough to know better, came flying down the stairs crying out that she had just heard a man on the roof outside her room.

The signs of animation exhibited by the two pretties at this heartening news were swiftly dissipated when I explained that the noise was made by possums.

Yes, this year's murch was the mixture as before, I thought, as I wearily got myself to bed. You read a good deal, especially during the last few years, about the horrors of staying at a guest-house. But little about the horrors of running one.

We get complaints about the weather, the age, youth, stodginess, fastness of the other guests, and about the temperature of the swimming-pool.

It isn't that people are any different from what they usually are when they go for a holiday, but they are more so.

When letters begin to arrive for a guest who is booked in but has not yet arrived, you know at once that here is an old campaigner.

People who go to stay at holiday resorts fall into two classes; self-avowed good mixers and self-avowed non-mixers.

Either way they seem thoroughly pleased with themselves and show no inclination to change.

If anything, the non-mixers appear to feel that they have the edge on the mixers.

Judging from the frequency with which really first-class botes turn up at guest-houses they must enjoy some kind of subsidy from their exhausted families.

Vamps, intellectuals, the helpless, and the aggressive all take holidays, too.

Vamps, male and female, build up their act with mysterious telephone calls, coffee taken alone on the terrace (for the first night or two only), and American cigarettes.

We frequently see the Great Intellect function, supported by armfuls of books in queer-looking jackets, eye-drops, and notebooks.

Sometimes Great Intellectuals break down half-way and change over to Good Sports or even Wags.

But you never hear of Wags or Good Sports changing over into Great Intellectuals, no matter what is offering in the way of culture at their table in the dining-room.

Actually I'm more than half inclined to suspect the Great Intellect pose as being the first line of defence adopted by shy, ill-adjusted people who will have their reading to fall back on if they don't come under the influence of a stronger personality who'll take them out of themselves.

The lives of proprietors would be considerably easier if it were not for the incurably romantic.

We can look up trains for people, book taxis, reserve seats at the picture show—but we can't supply romance.

For some reason nearly every young woman when about to set out on holidays leaves with the certain conviction that this time she is going to meet the great romance.

When she doesn't, she's apt to take it out on the proprietor.

Which is one reason why I don't seem able to get really enthusiastic about other people's holidays.

Printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 168-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

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By  
**MARIETTE NORTH**

## Continuing ... Heavenly Harmony

from page 7

THEN one night when Bill came home he thought for one glorious moment as he walked into the kitchen that Bet was back on the job. No soap. What was leaning over the stove was a new addition to the household. Misy by name, befuddled and be-capped.

"Madame is in the living-room," said Misy coldly.

In the living-room, seated on the lounge, was Betty. Betty, in a black dinner-dress with a glamorous hair-do, Bill swallowed hard. Not only that, people, but beside her was a little fat man whose only redeeming feature as far as Bill could see at that moment was a mop of black curly hair. Little fat men are so often bald.

Anyway, as Bill entered the room Betty uncurled herself from the couch—extended a long, pale arm, and slunk over to Bill.

Bill stood gaping at her. He wondered if she'd been skinning rabbits with her finger-nails—they were blood-red—and didn't know whether he should shake her hand or kiss it, just curtsy, or bandage it!

"Bill, darling. You're late!"

Bill defensively looked at his watch—six on the dot—same time as always. No chance to reply though, for Betty had started again.

"Darling, you just won't have time to dress for dinner. Just a wash and brush-up to-night. I'm sure Mr. Hanson won't mind, will you, Mr. Hanson?"

Mr. Hanson made a valiant effort to rise, gave it up, said: "Never mind, old man—know how it is myself when in late," and gave Bill a knowing smile which somehow heeded.

Bill felt like hitting him.

"Oh, by the way, darling," to Bill, "this is Mr. Hanson, of the Hanson Publishing Company. He is interested in my book. Mr. Hanson, this is Bill."

Bill essayed a "How do you do." On the way to the bathroom Bill was fuming—I was, too. This was

the end. Betty would have to choose between Bill and a literary career. Rotten meals—no home comforts for three months had been bad enough. But upsetting the home completely—inviting strange men—looking like a wicked siren in that gown—taking on staff for a house the size of his—no—it would have to end.

When he returned to the living-room Betty excused herself and went out to see about dinner.

Bill sat on an easy chair and looked across at Hanson.

Hanson looked at Bill.

"I—er," both said together.

Then a pause. One of those awkward pauses when two people are groping for a mutual subject.

"Believe you dabble on the stock market, old man?" Hanson asked.

"Dabble is hardly the word, Mr. Hanson. I am a stockbroker."

Awkward pause.

"Must make you feel pretty proud to know your wife has written a best-seller?"

"Best-seller?" Bill looked up like a surprised faun. "I didn't know."

"My word, man! This'll be a great success. Your wife is set for the top. Talking this with me to-night—"

he patted the couch beside him, and Bill noticed for the first time a large manuscript lying there.

At the same time he gave his leering smile again, and I for one wondered whether it was Betty or her manuscript that had taken his fancy.

At that Betty came into the room. She carried a tray of cocktails. Bill jumped up to take them from her. Really, she did look beautiful. There were lights in her eyes. The first time for months.

Bill swallowed his resentment. He decided this was Betty's decision. He couldn't stand in her way.

Now I think he was wrong. Personally, if he'd taken the manuscript,

flung it away—thrown Hanson out of the house, sacked Misy, and given Betty a thoroughly good spanking, I think it would have solved everything.

Dinner was pretty grim. The grimness came from Betty and Hanson discussing royalties—costs—production, set-up, and everything.

The dinner ended somehow. Hanson went on his way with the precious manuscript tucked under his arm. Betty sighed contentedly and decided bed was all she wanted.

Bill sat for a long time—steeped in sadness. They had been so happy until this literary craze hit Betty.

I, too, was frantic. We gremkins have pretty great and far-reaching powers, but we cannot exercise these unless the need is great.

Poor Bill—I couldn't let him down, but I didn't know what on earth to do. Here were two splendid people about to separate. The crisis must rise either to-night or to-morrow.

I had to act!

I left the house then and went over to Hanson's. He'd left slip during dinner that he would read the manuscript again before morning.

On the way I got in touch with a couple of pretty bad gremkins. They were well known over Germany—they'd stall engines—drink petrol and oil like champagne—thoroughly bad types. I had a word with them—and they decided to have a go at Hanson.

They certainly worked on him, too. As soon as he got into bed and settled to read the novel, three of them sat on his head and started driving tacks into it—and two really bad little eggs jumped on to the manuscript, made typing errors all over the place, and jumped the

typing up and down and round about as Hanson read.

The big boss grem really did the trick by altering the plot in places.

After an hour of this, Hanson flung the manuscript far from him, put out the light, and went into a troubled sleep. I left them and returned to base.

Bill was lying, eyes open, sleep far from him. Betty was curled up like a kitten, sleeping the sleep of the about-to-become-rich.

I don't often speak to Bill, but to-night I leaned down, whispered in his ear, "It's all right," and went off to sleep myself.

Bill got himself off in the morning. Betty was still asleep. I didn't go with Bill, deciding to stay and see what was going to happen.

Sure enough, about 9.30 came a call for Betty—Mr. Hanson's secretary. Would she call at 10.30, please? Would the call! Betty, seeing contracts everywhere, didn't wait for breakfast, but dressed and rushed off to town.

Mr. Hanson's assistant broke the news to her. Mr. Hanson had read the manuscript. It wasn't exactly what he wanted. It was good, mind you, but just not his style. He would suggest she try it with someone else.

Betty's heart sank. I was sorry for her right then. But she was made of sterling stuff. Didn't even take her manuscript, just dumped it in the first wastepaper basket she came across, and, with head held normally, made for Bill's office.

I don't think I need to tell you much more. It was a beautiful reconciliation after Betty had wept a few tears and said how sorry she was, and all that.

Bill took her to lunch, and wanted to do a show in the afternoon. But not for Betty. She wanted to be off straight after lunch, to work up something special for dinner.

(Copyright)



# Other actresses envious of Deborah Kerr

By cable from BILL STRUTTON in London

While lovely English film star Deborah Kerr, who recently arrived in Hollywood, admits that she is quite envious of American women's glamorous clothes, they in turn will be more than a little green-eyed at the rendezvous she has—with Clark Gable.

FOR Deborah may be his newest leading lady—she is being tested for the part.

The film is "The Hucksters," and she is not the only one who is pleased at the prospect.

When he was asked how he liked the idea of playing opposite Britain's Deborah Kerr, Clark Gable grinned widely and said: "Well, wouldn't YOU?"

Till she completes her Hollywood

shopping tour, blue-eyed, tawny-blond Deborah will have tasted little of the fruits of stardom and her new £750 sterling weekly contract with MGM.

In England, where directors are glooming over her departure, prop boys fell in love anew each time she made a picture, and critics acknowledge without shame that she is their favorite, Deborah is still known as "Britain's Blackout Star." Before she left London, Deborah

managed to get a small but attractive wardrobe together. She was especially pleased with an evening coat designed by Joy Ricardo. It is pale grey angora tweed, studded at the waist and bust with aluminium sequins.

No matter what costume she chooses, Deborah always wears an old-fashioned heart-shaped locket on her wrist with a snap of her handsome socialite husband, Tony Bartley, D.F.C., inside.

Tony, who was a Battle of Britain ace, and is now test pilot for famous Vickers, Limited, has taken a special vacation to accompany Deborah to Hollywood.

Rather proudly, Deborah said: "He did not have much trouble wangling that because he has just sold half a million sterling's worth of aircraft for them to India."

"We have a pact that neither of us will give up our job for the other because we realise what a dither there would be if the other asked."

"I think we must be the happiest, most carefree married couple there is."

"Our marriage is ideal because no ordinary man would understand me."

"We both love travelling, and are even considering selling our coast house in Kent, which we have just redecorated, because we do not know where the future will take us."

"There was a time, about a year ago, when the future nearly took me to Australia, because Tony was stationed there for six months dur-



DEBORAH KERR is most recent English film star to go to Hollywood under contract. Her husband, Tony Bartley, accompanied her. He was formerly in the R.A.F., and obtained leave from his civilian job to go with Deborah to America.

ing his Far East service, and I had a mad idea about stowing away to join him."

"If an Aussie airman had offered me a lift out there I would have jumped at it."

Even lately, when we have been

strolling down a London street, Tony has often suddenly dashed across the road to hail a 'cobbler' he knew in Sydney, who had turned up in England.

"But when they start reminiscing—well, I get suddenly very deaf."

## Film Reviews

### ★ NO LEAVE NO LOVE

EVEN the most ardent Van Johnson fans will have to admit that in MGM's comedy she honors go to Keenan Wynn and newcomer blonde Marina Koshetz, rather than to their freckle-faced hero.

The story is poor, and rambles on about two discharged marines, one of whom (Johnson) loses his fiancée but is consoled by radio singer Pat Kirkwood. This film was Miss Kirkwood's first in America, and she does not make it especially notable.

The Koshetz bombshell makes up for a lot of deficiencies.

She looks attractive, is humorous, sings well, and acts with ease and conviction.

She and Wynn have a few good scenes together.

Van Johnson is himself, and that's all. He leans a little too heavily on the Johnson charm this time.—St. James: showing.

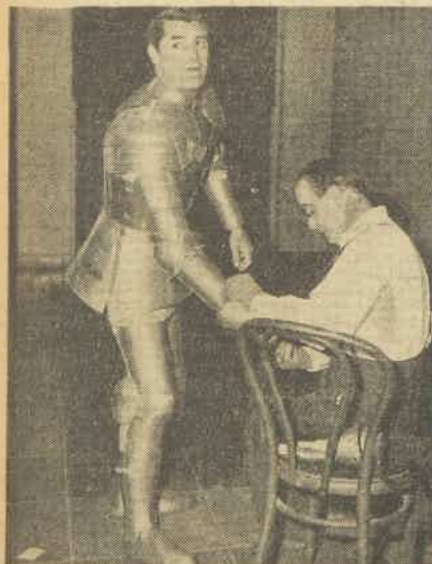


### ★ THE SAILOR TAKES A WIFE

BOTH June Allyson and Robert Walker are worthy of better films than MGM's bedroom farce which is below average. It is due mainly to their efforts that the just-too-cute story of a sailor and a girl who meet and marry in a hurry has any success.

Bright-eyed Miss Allyson does her best as Mary, whose emulous bliss is upset by a feminine menage (Audrey Totter) and her own would-be wolf-former employer (Bums Benson). Robert Walker's talent as a light comedian is useful.—Capitol: showing.

CLAUDETTE COLBERT, who usually is so impeccably dressed, is determined that at least her nose won't be shiny during scenes from her newest MGM film, "The Secret Heart," in which she co-stars with Walter Pidgeon and June Allyson.



CARY GRANT doesn't look very happy as he is bolted into his suit of armor for one sequence in the RKO comedy "The Bachelor and the Bobby Sock," in which he co-stars with Shirley Temple.



BETTE DAVIS catches up with her fan mail on the lot at Warners before finishing her role in the drama "Deception" and retiring to her farm in Connecticut to wait for the birth of her first child in March.

## Glamorous frocks for film shown in fashion parade

By cable from VIOLA MacDONALD in Hollywood

FASHION show of the week was at Enterprise Studios, where a cocktail party previewed Barbara Stanwyck's gorgeous gowns for the film "The Other Love."

Barbara herself was busy, so the gowns were shown on a tiny replica scale on 12-inch dolls, brought in by little negro boys who were dressed in jewelled turbans and pantaloons, blackamoor style.

Barbara's clothes were mostly tailored suits, setting off luxurious accessories, including a sable fur bag which unzips into a gorgeous fur travelling robe.

When zipped it is a combination muff and bag.

A playtail was featured, which had the skirt and shorts made from colored scarves sewn together, and also a matching parasol made of scarves.

Lenore Aubert and Joan Loring modelled their clothes from the same film.

Lenore was stunning in a bare-shouldered, white chiffon evening

gown, while Joan modelled ski clothes.

The action of the film takes place in a sanitarium in the Swiss Alps, with the beauty of the clothes and glamorous settings making up for the sadness in the underlying theme of Erich Maria Remarque's book about critically ill people and how they face their problems.

LINDA DARNELL as Amber has been spending all the month before the Fox cameras in the arms of one man or another.

This week Amber had torrid scenes with Glen Langan, Cornel Wilde, John Russell, with George Sanders next on the list.

DEANNA DURBIN starts work on "Up in Central Park," the New York stage hit, in January.

PEGGY CUMMINS will play in "Paddy the Next Best Thing," following the completion of her current role in "Moss Rose," in which she is supported by Richard Greene's English bride, dark-haired Patricia Medina.

COLUMBIA's dog star Daisy, of "Blondie" pictures, was borrowed for scenes in "Red Stallion."

Like any other glamor girl on loan out to another studio, Daisy departed for location with her retinue, including her trainer, Renée Renfro.

Renfro told me of a new rest home for dogs which an enterprising company has started at fashionable Lake Arrowhead.

Called the "Dude Ranch for Dogs," this concern promises the dogs a weekly barbecue party and a guaranteed cure for nervous breakdowns in a "restful atmosphere."

LIONEL BARRYMORE, putting in a bid for a helicopter, irritably told the company that of course he could fly it!

"I am an experienced aviator. I got my flying licence in 1917. I have not flown since, but I am sure I am quite capable," said the septuagenarian.

### Test cricket fever affects film stars

TEST cricket fever has gripped English filmdom, and late morning listening is threatening many a shooting schedule.

Particular fanatics are Trevor Howard and Michael Wilding. Michael was in Australia in 1928 and says he would give anything to be there now.

Margaret Johnston acquired a perceptible swagger round the studios of Sound City after Australia's good results in the first two Tests.

Rotund Garry Marsh also hangs round the wireless whenever he gets a chance. Though Garry is barracking for England, he knows Australia well and saw many matches at Melbourne and Sydney Cricket Grounds.

FASHION note for the week comes from New York where Ginger Rogers was reported walking in a café dressed in a "white ermine trench coat."

DOROTHY LAMOUR has redecorated her son John's nursery in circus motif.

Capering clowns, lions jumping hoops, elephants, and bareback riders decorate the walls.

I SAW staret Martha Vickers hurrying to Warners' hairdresser with her hair tied-up in a bandana. Passing me on the stairs Martha confided that she had made an awful mistake.

"I took a friend's advice in shampooing my hair with raw eggs and lemon juice to bring out an extra gleam in my waves, but apparently I did the wrong thing in rinsing it with hot water."

"Now I have an omelet on my head which I can't scrape off."

Martha rushed up the stairs two at a time to have her locks salvaged by professional care.

IDA LUPINO struck two new fashion notes this week.

One is an evening compact which has a mirror outlined with neon that lights up when the compact opens.

The other is a bracelet for sports-wear, consisting of agate marbles, varnished, and attached to a gold link chain.

The marbles were a present from a five-year-old boy who admired her.



## A LOVELY QUARTET...



• Ella Raines is starring once again with Dan Duryea, this time in Universal's "White Tie and Tails." Ella soared to fame when she was chosen for the feminine lead in "Corvette K-225," but her acting ability had been shown already in plays produced at the Washington University.



• Courageous fight by Ann Blyth to win back her health after breaking her back over a year ago has been victorious, and she comes back to the screen to appear with Sonny Tufts in "Swell Guy," produced by Universal. She first won acclaim in Warners' drama, "Mildred Pierce."



• Latest picture for Maria Montez is Universal's technicolor "Pirates of Monterey," with Rod Cameron as her leading man. With her husband, Jean Pierre Aumont, she is hoping to make a period film adapted from Bertita Harding's novel, "The Golden Fleece," and called "The Scarlet Feather," a 19th century tale of New Orleans. She and Jean Pierre recently spent a holiday in England and Europe.



• First starring role for Lois Collier, who is under long-term contract with Universal, is in "Wild Beauty." This lovely, dark-haired starlet had her first film chance with Abbott and Costello in "The Naughty Nineties." Before coming to the screen she was a radio performer.



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READ THIS TABLE

HEIGHT	WEIGHT
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5' 1"	118 lbs.
5' 2"	120 lbs.
5' 3"	124 lbs.
5' 4"	125 lbs.

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woman.



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No matter what  
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PHYSICAL CULTURE

2/42



**1 AT MEMORIAL FOOT**, number of boys are told romantic life story of American pioneer of glider flying, Johnny Montgomery, back in 1883.



**2 MODEL GLIDERS** are made in 1880 by Montgomery (Glenn Ford), who is convinced that his wish to fly is practicable. He is encouraged by Regina (Janet Blair), who loves him, but he is too poor to marry.



**3 FIRST TEST** of model glider from roof is made for Johnny by priest at college where Johnny is teaching to earn money for his inventions, which are proving very costly.



**4 SUCCESSFUL FLIGHT** of glider is taken by parachutist Dan Mahoney (Jimmy Lloyd) when glider is cut loose from balloon at 4000ft., and flies for twenty minutes.

## GALLANT JOURNEY

WHEN Columbia was consider-  
ing the production of a  
film of the life of glider inven-  
tor John Montgomery, whose  
plane preceded the Wright  
brothers' invention by seventeen  
years, the choice of Glenn Ford  
for the starring role was a cer-  
tainty.

Glenn has the same stubborn  
intensity of character which  
marked Montgomery. Both had  
to struggle against opposition to  
win success, Montgomery be-  
cause few people believed that a  
lighter than air machine was  
practical, and Glenn because he  
had been told so often by film  
producers that he was not  
photogenic enough for film suc-  
cess.



**5 SIMPLE WEDDING** for Johnny and Regina, after long series of misfortunes to his gliders, but other inven-  
tions bring them better luck.



**6 ILL HEALTH** prevents Johnny from flying his planes for years, but final attempt causes crash, though his glider plane is airworthy.



Accent on Freedom!  
For those who want hygienic  
protection with complete  
freedom, Johnson & Johnson  
have perfected Meds—  
the Modess Tampon.

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**SunTAN...but  
not Sun BURN**

Here is a cream which DOES PREVENT sun  
and wind burn. It's a definite protection!  
The tanned skin, which once turned red and  
peeled, is now safe. Non-greasy, invisible.  
One application protects you for a whole  
morning in the hottest sun.

**Hamilton's  
SUNBURN CREAM**

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I always get a good report  
for health anyway, because  
I do what health requires  
and—



—every morning take

**ENO'S  
"FRUIT SALT"**

For Beauty!

*"Coverspot"*

Conceals Blemishes"

Smartly Practical



**Adelyn**  
Frocks Suits, Coats

FIRST FOR FIT



● Of pink linen, this frock is made with simple square-necked bodice. Skirt in three bands, each one a little fuller than the last, is joined with black-and-white spotted silk cording to match sash.

● Magyar sleeves in this white linen top. Bands of floral material allied with stripes form the fullish skirt, which is tightly belted.

## ECCENTRIC . . . but perfectly simple

PIERRE BALMAIN was Lelong's leading designer for many years. Now in his own salon, he has an enormous following. His clothes are dramatic, but are distinguished by an inspired simplicity. Designs on this page, from his midsummer collection for South of France, are delightful for the Australian summer.

● Though dramatic, this frock (below) is actually simple. A big scarf is sewn at the left side of the full skirt, drawn across the bust over the right shoulder, back under the left arm, and through the belt again to flow away across the skirt.

● Bands of blue-and-white material, fagotged together and tied on the shoulders with cute little bows, form the bodice of this frock (above). A large band of yellow fagotged to white forms the skirt, belted tightly.

By . . .  
MARY  
HORDERN

● Bodice of this tulle evening frock is made of strong calico or linen as tight as possible, even boned. Tulle is swathed tightly to bodice, emphasising moulded waist. Lovely in net, too.



## New Angles... for the New Year

THE secret of charm, poise, and assurance is to feel well... look well... think well.

And that's quite a thought if you haven't already made one unbendable glamor resolution for 1947 that will carry you more attractively through the whole year.

The rules for keeping healthy, lovely, and happy are simple and unchanging: eat wisely, sleep sufficiently, and exercise adequately.

But only by trial and elimination can you prove which beauty aids are best for you, and therein lies interest, excitement, and a challenge to your skill, knowledge, and fashion-sense.

It is true that you cannot change the actual bone structure of the face, but with brush, pencil, and color you can deliberately accentuate features that will make the overall effect more eye-arresting, changing angles and color schemes, too, to suit the occasion, the season, and current fashion.

Perhaps in this potpourri of latest beauty news from home and abroad you will find the titillating trick that will add sparkle to your looks and at the same time take its place among happy New Year resolutions made and kept.

**Shades of Night:** Candlelight is kind, but there is danger to all make-up in the hard brilliance of electricity.

The most promising lipsticks are apt to turn blackish or grey under sudden glare, so remember that lip colors with a strong blue cast are best at holding their own in night lights.

About this one, overseas beauty experts say "definitely not for daylight." But some gala night draw a brightly colored mascara line close behind the top-lid lashes (which have been brushed through with the same color). You will need a brush for the job. Try a vivid blue mascara and it will make a lovely brilliant frame for your eyes.

**Special Occasion:** The shadowed eyelid adds lustrous contrast to a light skin and is an alluring "must" with the new pearly make-up.

But with tanned skins they are lightening the lids with an opaque powder base or a flick of white grease-paint carried vertically from eyelash to eyebrow line and horizontally from inner to outer eye corner. Employ the same little brush, cleared of mascara, to blend imperceptible edges.

Carry a faint blush of rouge up over the temples and blend across the forehead while foundation is still moist to brighten eyes and add that light-from-within glow.

**Daytime Lights:** The light in which you wear your make-up is as important an ingredient as the color of the make-up itself. Cosmetics applied at the dressing-table often

By...  
**CAROLYN EARLE**



MORE sophisticated hair style, a different type of make-up, a lovelier figure... Perhaps your 1947 glamor resolution will be one of these. Whatever it is, remember the necessity for determination and perseverance.

turn out to be overdone, underdone, or off balance when you step out-doors.

Make a final mirror check-up by the direct, unfiltered light streaming through your window before venturing forth.

Local cosmeticians, please note: To help night-clubbing ladies, get make-up bearings in advance of club meanderings. There is at least one salon in New York that can duplicate the lighting of such fashionable bistros as the Stork Club, Twenty-One, Iridium Room, Monte Carlo, the Persian Room, and El Morocco. That's really finesse.

### Eye magic

FOR this one take two eyebrow pencils—one smoothly blunted, the other sharply pointed.

With the pointed one make a tiny, hair-thin, tip-tilted line at the outer corner of each eye, just the merest suggestion of a stroke. (It may not be right the first time, but erase mistakes with vaseline and start all over again).

Then find the small quirk your eyebrows make somewhere about centre-arch and accentuate it with a light stroking of the blunt pencil. Blur the mark with cotton-wool—and leave it as is.

**Crowning Glory:** Three drops of blueing added to the last shampoo rinse will give a lovely blue-black sheen that contrasts so well with the cool, ivory complexion of the striking brunette.

If you have a winsome widow's peak, be thoroughly grateful and comb your hair to play it up. Never, never distort it with a centre part; if you simply must part your hair, keep it slightly to one side of the peak.

**Flashing Smile:** A famous movie star, who says that balance and

harmony of features are the things to seek when applying make-up, offers this tip to the girl with largeth teeth.

A thin mouthline would emphasise the size of the teeth, but an illusion of normal-sized teeth is given by painting the mouth larger. She doesn't mean a slab of a mouth, of course, but to the fullest extent of the normal lipline without spreading too far over the edge.

So far as I've heard, there is no permanent bleach that will not injure tooth enamel, but here is a mild, home-made mixture that will help to brighten your smile. Dip your toothbrush in peroxide, then in a mixture of half-teaspoon each of table salt and bicarbonate of soda. Brush the teeth gently. Twice the amount of soda can be used if wished. Use once or twice a week, and follow with a rinse of clear water.

Don't stop drinking milk just because you're grown up. It is not only one of the best nerve-soothers (remember a glass of hot milk before going to bed to calm jittery?), but is excellent for the skin and really a necessity for the teeth, providing important calcium to the diet. Try sipping a glass of cool milk instead of water when you're very thirsty.

The air-bath is as near as you can get to an open window, and the ozone itself is all you need for equipment. When weather is sufficiently mild, try lying naked on the bed—ten minutes on your back, ten on your tummy.

Do it every day if you can, and you'll find nerves will grow calm and the entire body will seem to find a new source of vitality. Stop to think that practically 24 hours out of 24 your body is under clothes and you will see why the pores cry out for a chance to breathe freely.

## Pamela Patience... I call those a real find

"The way you talk" says Pamela Patience, "anyone would think it was luck that got them for you, not my careful management. As a matter of fact, I waited and waited till I could get HORROCKSES flannelette for your pyjamas. You see, I know the HORROCKSES things. I know there's not a flannelette to touch HORROCKSES for softness, good looks and hard wear."

"Just now you can't always find HORROCKSES flannelette when you want it, but conditions are getting better, and gradually you will find more and more in the shops."

"But scarce or not" says Pamela Patience, "I know what's wise. WAIT TILL YOU CAN FIND HORROCKSES flannelette—and when you see it, BUY IT!"



# Horrockses

THE GREATEST NAME IN COTTON  
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flannelette

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MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS A.I. LONGCLOTH

## GOT A BOIL? HERE'S HOW TO GET RELIEF

Apply a ready-to-use ANTIPHLOGISTINE poultice comfortably hot. Almost at once you'll feel the moist heat go right to work helping to relieve the pain and soreness. You'll see how it helps bring the boil to a head. The moist heat of ANTIPHLOGISTINE works for several hours bringing soothing relief. Feels good, does good.

GET A TIN FROM YOUR CHEMIST OR STORE.

FOR BOILS—  
**Antiphlogistine**



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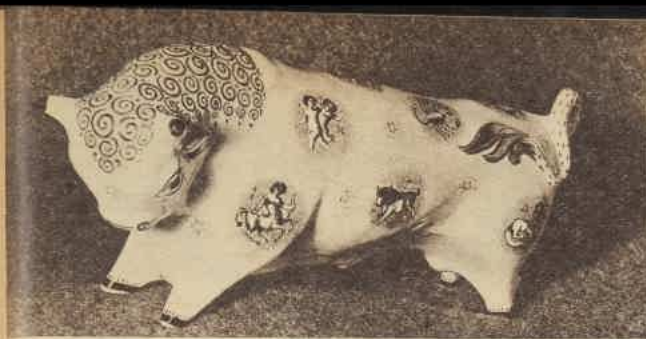
## THE SPOTLIGHT'S ON WHITE!



**Shu-Milk**

THE PERFECT  
WHITE SHOE CLEANER  
REMOVES GREASE AND DIRT  
WONT RUB OFF  
SOLD AT ALL STORES





IN SPITE of his appearance, Taurus the Bull is quite docile and highly decorative—an example of the new range of pottery, including domestic ware, which was selected for the "Britain Can Make It" Exhibition held at the Victoria and Albert Museum, London.



EXQUISITE. Decorative gilt lustre vase splashed with leaves and heavily banded for effect. Silver gilt motifs make a big comeback.

## New. decorative china



PLATE and matching pink jug are lavishly designed, feature wide silver bands, hand-painted lions' main decoration of other jug.



HERE are examples of the post-war ranges in dinner services. Designs charming, colorings rich.

● For the first time since 1939 new designs in pottery are showing in London. And you can expect to see many of these in Australia some time during the year.



NEW process of imprinting hand designs was used in the manufacture of these dessert plates. Set of six are in grey, shell effect, with central motif and cream edges.

LEFT: Imagine its beauty! Plate, cup, and saucer from latest dinner service. It's pink with motifs in copper lustre.

Off-shoulder frocks demand this Hollywood Beauty Care!



Be lovelier tonight!  
LUX TOILET SOAP  
BRINGS QUICK NEW  
LOVELINESS

Says **Bette Davis**

WARNER BROS. STAR in "A STOLEN LIFE"



Bare shoulders have come into the fashion picture again! And here's Hollywood's way to keep them soft and smooth... really lovely. Take a film star beauty bath with Lux Toilet Soap, and work its active lather well into your back and shoulders. As you pat dry with a soft towel your skin will take on fresh, new beauty. Don't let neglect rob you of romance! This gentle care will make you lovelier to-night!

Tests show 3 out of 4 complexions improve with Lux Toilet Soap

THE BATH AND COMPLEXION CARE OF 9 OUT OF EVERY 10 FILM STARS

LT.19

## Safety in water your watchword

LET'S have a lower accident rate at seaside and river this summer.

It is tragic to read each summer of so many drowning fatalities. In addition, there are always many accidents which could easily have been fatal.

My sympathies go out always to those who, untrained as lifesavers, risk their lives to rescue the careless and the thoughtless. And there is very little excuse for the ignorant.

Armed with these safety suggestions and safety rules no one need take unnecessary risks.

By MEDICO

- 1.—If it's some time since you last had a swim, go in gradually rather than plunge.
- 2.—Swim along the shore instead of outwards. Aim to be always within sight and sound of someone else.
- 3.—Swim or bathe only in daylight.
- 4.—Beware of treading on a sting-ray. Pushing the feet along the sandy floor will frighten the fish. In quiet waters push a stick ahead when wading.
- 5.—Check the depth of water

before diving. First swim round the diving area to check for snags or underwater logs.

6.—Come out of the water before you feel tired. Beware of staying in until exhausted.

7.—Be sensible about horseplay in the water. Ducking a poor swimmer may have serious consequences.

8.—Be careful about swimming near jetties and piers. Waves can lift you against shell-covered piles. There may be strange eddies and cross-currents.

9.—If tired, rest by floating. If cramps come on, float and rub the cramped limb.

10.—Swim across the current, not against it.

## The Doctor Answers

ABOUT BACKACHE:

Patient: "Why do so many people suffer with Backache, Doctor?"

Doctor: "Because your back muscles are working constantly holding up your body, any extra strain is quickly felt; again, uric acid and other poisons often collect in these muscles if your kidneys and bowels are not functioning well and correctly."

Patient: "But, why, Doctor, do these poisons in the blood so often affect the muscles of the back?"

Doctor: "For the reason I gave just now—you feel the effect of these blood poisons in the weakest or most overworked parts of your body first. If you feel the effects in your back muscles, you can be sure they are everywhere in your muscles and joints, and the sensible thing to do is to get rid of these poisons as quickly as you can."

If you suffer from Backache, rheumatic pains, sciatica, lumbago, kidney and bladder weaknesses, neuritis, gout, or similar aches and pains, you will be delighted with the relief and renewed energy Menthoids will give you. Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids contain Thionine—the great blood medicine which does so much to drive out these crippling poisons from your blood, strengthen your kidneys and tone up your whole system.

Get a month's treatment, flask of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids for 6/6 with Diet Chart, or a 12-day flask for 3/6, from your nearest chemist or store, or a postal note to British Medical Laboratories, Box 4155, G.P.O., Sydney, will bring you Menthoids by return mail.



**MENTHOIDS for BACKACHE**

## Remove FRECKLES

FIMPLES, BLACKHEADS AND ALL SKIN IMPERFECTIONS QUICKLY BY NEW HOME METHOD

Wouldn't you love to have a complexion soft, rosy, clear, and velvety, the envy of your friends? I have a secret for all girls and women that save me such a skin and will do the same for you. It is something different that does not consist of Creams, Lotions, Soaps, Masks, etc. There is no diet, no fasting, nothing to take, and cannot injure the most delicate skin.

FREE: Know the happiness of a radiant, smooth young skin, as do the thankful thousands who have used my method. Write NOW, enclosing stamp for postage on complete details.

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● We know—of course we know—it's the meal-time question of "what shall I have?" that has always put wrinkles in the housewife's brow.

**T**HE answer to the eternal mealtime question is a little easier in summertime: it's salads and salads again.

Salads mixed with imagination—salads new, different, and exciting—main-dish salads to delight your family and bring cheers at the lunch or dinner table.

Appetites are temperamental in hot weather—they need coaxing.

There's nothing quite so unappealing as a limp salad. So be sure to serve salads freshly made and as cold as possible.

Home-grown salad vegetables are best, of course. Their vitamin and mineral content is greater when freshly picked from your own garden.

The children shy away from salads? Perhaps you have overstressed the "so-good-for-you" angle and forgotten how to serve them intriguingly.

Try new combinations; present old ones in new dress. For the children try individual moulded salads—one of their very own—they'll love it that way. Perhaps they'll even help make it!

Don't overlook the fact that a salad main dish does not contain sufficient nourishment to make a balanced nutritious meal unless it contains meat, fish, eggs, or cheese. Nuts, too, are a good wholesome addition to a salad.

Another way of adding nourishment to a salad meal is to round off the menu with a sweet containing milk and eggs.



# Warm Weather Dinners

By The Australian Women's Weekly Food and Cookery Experts

This page provides recipes for summer salads and sweets guaranteed to tempt the most reluctant appetite.

Try them all—you'll like them.

## DOUBLE-DECKER TOMATO SALAD

Four firm tomatoes, 1 lb. cream cheese, 2 tablespoons mayonnaise, 1 dessertspoon finely minced onion, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 2 tablespoons finely chopped gherkin, salt, cayenne pepper.

Wash and dry tomatoes. Cut roundways into three thick slices. Soften cream cheese with mayonnaise, season with salt and pepper. Fold in onion, parsley, gherkin. Spread thickly on tomato, sandwiching the slices to form whole tomatoes again. Chill thoroughly. Serve in lettuce cups.

## JELLIED VEGETABLE SALAD

Two teaspoons gelatine, 1½ cups hot water, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, ½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 tablespoon tomato puree, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 cup shredded cabbage, 1 cup shredded carrot, 1 cup cooked green peas, 1 tablespoon minced parboiled red pepper (may be omitted).

Dissolve gelatine in hot water. Add lemon juice, sauce, tomato puree, salt to taste. When cold and slightly thickened, fold in all other ingredients. Fill into wetted mould, chill until firm, and set. Unmould on lettuce leaves, garnish with pineapple, tomato, and cheese wedges. Serve mayonnaise separately.

## CHILLED SOUSED FISH

One and a half to two pounds flathead or bream fillets, few peppercorns, few cloves, 1 sliced onion,

herbs, ½ cup vinegar, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 1 cup water, 1 teaspoon spice, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 small chilli (if liked).

Wash fillets, dry, place in greased baking-tray. Cover with sliced onion, sprinkle with herbs, spice, salt, and chopped chilli (if used). Pour over vinegar, lemon juice, and water. Add cloves and peppercorns. Cover with greased paper. Bake in a moderate oven (325 to 350 deg. F.) until flesh is soft (25 to 30 minutes). Allow to remain in liquid until quite cold. Lift fillets carefully on to serving-dish, strain liquid, and pour over fish. Garnish with sliced lemon, tomato, and cucumber.

## CHICKEN SALAD

Two cups cooked diced chicken, 1 cup diced celery, mayonnaise, 3 hard-boiled eggs, prunes to garnish (or olives), lettuce, paprika, salt and pepper.

Place chicken, celery, chopped hard-boiled eggs, and a few chopped prunes in a bowl. Season with salt and pepper. Add 3 tablespoons of the mayonnaise. Chill thoroughly. Dip edges of lettuce leaves in paprika; arrange on salad platter, fill with chicken mixture, dust lightly with paprika. Garnish with sliced hard-boiled eggs and prunes or olives. Serve extra mayonnaise in separate bowl.

## BANANA CREAM SHAPE

Two teaspoons gelatine (rounded), 1 cup milk, 1 cup hot water, 6 mashed bananas, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 tablespoon orange juice, 2 tablespoons honey.

Beat mashed bananas to a cream with lemon juice. Add lemon rind, orange juice, and honey. Fold in

**FIRM TOMATOES** sandwiched with cream cheese make an attractive summer salad... serve them with a gay platter of celery, grated carrot, shredded cabbage, cooked green peas, sliced radishes, and mayonnaise. Let the family help themselves. Wholemeal scones and jam make a satisfying finish to the meal.

milk and gelatine dissolved in hot water. Fill into wetted moulds, individual size. Chill until set. Unmould and serve with cold custard or clear lemon sauce.

## RHUBARB CRUMB PUDDING

Two cups diced rhubarb, 4 tablespoons sugar, 1½ cups cake crumbs, 1 dessertspoon grated lemon rind, 1½ cups milk, 2 eggs.

Combine rhubarb, sugar, cake crumbs, and lemon rind. Beat eggs well, add milk. Fold into rhubarb mixture. Turn into greased ovenware dish, stand in a tin of water. Bake in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) for 45 to 50 minutes. Serve hot or cold with or without custard.

## SEAFOOD SALAD BALLS

Two cups cooked fish (flaked), crabmeat, or finely chopped prawns, 1 cup diced celery, 2 tablespoons grated carrot, 1 cup green peas, 1

cup thick white sauce, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 1 teaspoon dry mustard, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, salt and pepper.

Moisten mustard with lemon juice, stir into sauce. Season with salt and pepper. When cool, fold in all other ingredients except parsley. Spread on a flat plate to become cold and fairly firm. Take 1 dessertspoon at a time, shape into balls, roll in finely minced parsley. Pile balls into lettuce cups, garnish with sliced tomato and cucumber.

## CUCUMBER BOATS

Small green cucumbers (1 for each person), 1 cup diced celery, 1 dessertspoon finely minced shallot, 1½ cups white sauce, 1 cup flaked cooked fish, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, pinch cayenne pepper, salt.

Wash cucumbers well, leave unpeeled, score with a fork. Cut in

halves lengthwise, scoop out centres, leaving case ¼ in. thick. Chop cucumber pulp which has been scooped out. Add to sauce, with celery, shallot, fish, lemon juice, and cayenne. Salt to taste. Pile back into cucumber boats, dust with paprika, or garnish with sliced tomato. Chill before serving in bed of lettuce leaves.

## MOCHA SPANISH CREAM

One and a half cups milk coffee, 1 teaspoon cocoa, 1 cup hot water, 1 dessertspoon gelatine, few drops vanilla, pinch salt, 3 eggs, 3 tablespoons sugar.

Dissolve gelatine in hot water. Blend cocoa with coffee, add sugar and egg-yolks. Stir over low heat until mixture thickens slightly. Remove from heat, stir in dissolved gelatine and vanilla. When cool, fold in egg-whites stiffly beaten with salt and vanilla. Fill into wetted mould, chill until set. Unmould and serve with cold stewed fruit.

## ICE-CREAM

Half pint milk, 2 tablespoons condensed milk, 1 teaspoon gelatine, 2 tablespoons hot water, 1 pint cream, pinch salt, 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Soften gelatine in hot water. Mix milk and condensed milk, add gelatine. Beat well. Pour into refrigerator trays. Freeze until beginning to set. Return to basin, beat well, add cream (whipped with salt until just thick) and vanilla, mixing well. Freeze until firm.

## SUMMER PUNCH

One and a half pints water, 2 cups sugar, 1 cup lemon juice, 1 cup orange juice, 1 cup pineapple juice, mint leaves, slices of lemon, soda water.

Boil sugar and water 10 minutes. When cold, add fruit juices and chill thoroughly. Half fill each glass with the fruit syrup, add soda water. Garnish with slice of lemon and sprig of mint.

## LEMON JUICE IN SALAD DRESSINGS

★ Try using lemon juice as the acid ingredient of salad dressing or mayonnaise. The delicious slightly tart flavor is acceptable to almost every palate—it stimulates appetite and assists digestion.

Lemon juice also helps to bring out the flavor of all the other ingredients without dominating them.

Here are recipes for simple dressings using lemon juice:

### BOILED SALAD DRESSING:

Four level tablespoons flour, 1 level teaspoon salt, 2 level tablespoons sugar, 1 level teaspoon mustard, pinch cayenne pepper, 1½ cups water, 2 eggs, ½ cup lemon juice.

Mix dry ingredients well together. Add water gradually, beating to a thin paste. Stir over low heat until it boils and thickens. Cool slightly, fold in beaten eggs, cook 2 or 3 minutes longer without allowing to boil. Cool before adding lemon juice, a little at a time. Store in a screw-top jar in a cool place—should keep 1 to 2 weeks.

### MAYONNAISE:

One egg-yolk, ½ level teaspoon sugar, ½ level teaspoon salt, ½ level teaspoon mustard, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, ½ cup salad oil, ½ cup milk.

Beat egg-yolk, gradually work in mustard, sugar, salt. Add milk gradually, then salad oil a little at a time. Lastly fold in lemon juice, adding about ½ teaspoon at a time. Chill before using.

### FRENCH DRESSING:

Three tablespoons lemon juice, 6 tablespoons oil, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne. Mix ingredients together, shake well in a screw-top jar just before using.





## For Good Health

The older we get the less active we are. We don't exercise enough. Exercise is important. Regular habits are important, too. Nyal Figsen, the gentle, natural laxative, will help you keep regular. Taken at bedtime it will act in the morning. Figsen comes in the form of a pleasant-tasting tablet. Gentle yet thorough in its action. No pain or discomfort. Available from chemists everywhere—Nyal Figsen—24 tablets—1/3.

## Nyal Figsen

THE GENTLE LAXATIVE

## Always Wakes-up HAPPY and BRIGHT



"Teething upsets" so easily pull baby down—yet they are so unnecessary. At teething time you should give the child Ashton & Parsons' Infants' Powders. In the safest and simplest way, they allay irritation, cool the blood, and keep the motions regular. Baby feels fine and teething passes without worry.

Box of 25 Powders — 1/4

## Ashton & Parsons' INFANTS' POWDERS

## Certain-to-sell SHORT STORIES

A Vic. Weekly paid £7/10/- for one story. Numerous other students have also obtained good prices. Note:  
"Nocturne," in "Smith's," recently brought me between £5 and £8.  
"Three serials returned me £165."  
"For my last story, 'The Darling of Hobart Town,' I received £4/10/-."  
"In one week I had printed matter in only two papers ('Smith's' and 'The Bulletin') to the amount of £7/10/-, which, I think, is rather satisfactory."  
"I have had three articles accepted by NIO and broadcast by the A.B.C."  
"The Bulletin" headlined my story, "Justice." I received £4/10/- for it.  
"I have just received a cheque for £6/10/- from 'The Bulletin' for my story, 'Old George.'"  
"I received £3 for my first story, 'Twin Ships,' and for 'Tilly Pulls Through.' £6/6/-."

## Stott's Correspondence College

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USE fresh cream or your favorite mock cream to decorate this luscious Pavlova (above) piled high with fruit salad and garnished with glazed strawberries and orange sections. See prize recipe.



IT'S NOT so much what you put in a salad as how you serve it that counts. Any cold cooked meat or tinned fish served with a wide variety of salad vegetables, cooked or raw, will make any platter as attractive as the one pictured above.

## RECIPES: Best of the week

● Prizewinning recipes with a summer flavor — they'll help you introduce happy variety into your hot weather menus.

ALTHOUGH by no means new, fruit salad Pavlova is timely, as there have been many requests lately for this recipe; so here is one submitted by a reader.

Have you ever tried pickled plums? Their fresh, tangy flavor gives a lift to curries, cold meats, and salads. Here also is a quick method of cooking beetroot—that fine addition to summer salads. Any color or flavor which is lost due to the beetroot being sliced before it is cooked is retained in the liquid.

Make a New Year resolution to enter this popular recipe competition and so help yourself and other homemaking readers. Cash prizes are awarded every week.

### SAVORY BAKED TONGUE

One ox tongue, 1 cup vinegar, 1 teaspoon mixed spice, 1 dessertspoon treacle, 1 bay leaf, 1 cup minced celery, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 cup sherry (or lemon juice), 1 cup raisins, 1 cup water, juice of 1 lemon.

Wash and scrape tongue, place in a saucepan and add sufficient water to barely cover. Add vinegar, spice, treacle, bay leaf, and celery. Simmer 3 or 4 hours, till tongue is tender. Lift out. Remove skin and trim root. Place in greased baking dish. Dredge with flour. Pour sherry and lemon juice over. Simmer raisins in water and lemon juice. Pour over tongue and bake 1 hour in hot oven. Press into shape and leave overnight.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. D. Hilditch, 25 Bloom St., Moonee Ponds, Vic.

### FRUIT SALAD PAVLOVA

Three egg-whites, 6 tablespoons sugar, vanilla essence, 1 level dessertspoon cornflour, 1 teaspoon vinegar.

Beat egg-whites stiffly. Add sugar, gradually beating till thick and sugar is dissolved. Add vanilla essence and vinegar. Lastly fold in sifted cornflour. Place in 8in. sandwich tin, well greased and lightly dredged with cornflour. Scoop out centre slightly. Bake in a very slow oven (200 deg. F.) from 1 to 1½ hours until set and lightly browned. When cooked remove meringue shell carefully from tin, allow to cool. Fill with fruit salad and decorate with

whipped cream. May also be filled with chopped jelly.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. J. Fuller, Deep Creek, Ulmarra, N.S.W.

### RED CHERUBS

Six medium-sized tomatoes, 1lb. cooked green peas, 2 medium-sized cold cooked potatoes, 2 tablespoons grated cheese, pepper and salt, finely chopped mint, mayonnaise.

Scoop potato into balls with melon baller or small vegetable cutter. Cut tops off tomatoes, scoop out some of the centres, sprinkle inside with pepper and salt, chopped mint and grated cheese. Pour in 1 teaspoonful mayonnaise. Fill tomatoes level to the top with peas and place on top 6 or 7 potato balls. Sprinkle with balance of cheese. Garnish with peas and mint leaves. Serve in lettuce cups.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. Hannon, 33 Ellis Rd., Glen Iris, Vic.

### JIFFY BEETROOT SLICES

One bunch beetroot, 1 cup water, 1 dessertspoon sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, vinegar.

Peel beetroot thickly, cut into thin slices. Place in saucepan with water, sugar, and salt, and cook gently with lid on till tender, 20 to 25 minutes. Do not drain—simply place in a basin with its own liquid and cover. Leave until cold. Add vinegar to taste just before serving.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. Robertson, 26 Terry St., Balmain, N.S.W.

### PICKLED PLUMS

Four pounds plums, cinnamon, cloves, grated orange rind, vinegar, sugar.

Wash and dry plums thoroughly. remove any stalks. Prick with a fork and place in large sterilised jars or bottles, interspersing each layer with a light dusting of cinnamon, 1 or 2 cloves, and a sprinkling of orange rind. Cover with vinegar which has been boiled 3 minutes and then cooled. Stand 24 hours. Strain off vinegar and boil 10 minutes. When cool pour over fruit and stand a further 24 hours. Strain vinegar again, add 1lb. sugar to each pint vinegar. Boil 10 minutes. Pour over plums. When cold seal bottles and store in cool, dark place.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. L. J. Carter, 173 Darling St., Dubbo, N.S.W.

## THE HAIRDRESSER SAID

"This hair style is very flattering madam...I'm sure you'll like it!"



## BUT SHE MEANT

"What a waste of time...she'll never look glamorous with that blotchy skin"



Make a regular, daily beauty appointment with

## REXONA MEDICATED SOAP



REXONA SOAP CONTAINS CADYL, an exclusive Rexona compound comprising Oils of Cedar, Cassia, Cloves, Terabinth and Borayl Acetate...all recognised valuable skin medicaments.

IT'S SO EASY to keep your skin free from blotches and blackheads...if you use Rexona Soap...the new soap specially medicated with Cadyl. Rexona's velvety lather gets rid of embedded dust and dirt...clears away stale make-up and all impurities which cause blemishes and dull complexions. Keep your skin pure as a camellia...use Rexona every day.

X.57.26



## She always remembers

When as a baby she saw the coloured Rosella she liked it, and reached for it. This natural reaction is never outgrown. Today, as a housewife, when she sees that same Rosella her hand goes out instinctively. This name and symbol still attract, and she knows they guarantee the finest quality and flavour in Food Products.

## Rosella PURE FOODS

There are over 100 Rosella varieties.





*and then - Lunch!*

Butter a quantity of  
Arnott's Shredded  
Wheatmeal Biscuits  
and pack them face  
to face. With milk,  
salad, or cheese,  
they'll keep you  
"going" splendidly.  
In future "picnic"  
the Arnott's Shred-  
ded Wheatmeal  
way!



**Arnott's**  
**SHREDDED WHEATMEAL**  
**BISCUITS**



THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE FOR QUALITY